THE COSHOCTON AGE.

Entered at the Post Office at Coshocton as Second-class Mail Matter.

THE RIGHT OF PRIVATE JUDGMENT IS ABSOLUTE IN EVERY AMERICAN CITIZEN.—Garfield.

VOLUME 60. COSHOCTON, OHIO, SATURDAY, MARCH 22 1884. NUMBER 12

Business notices on this page are charged for at ten cents per line each insertion. Black type fifteen cents brevier measurement. Display advertisements Time Contracts—25 cents per inch Transient advertisements—50 cents per inch

LOCAL correspondence on page 8.

MR. F. A. HOUSI, of Lafayette township, is seriously ill of pneumonia.

JOSEPH HAY shook hands with his friends at noon last Wednesday, and left for Kansas.

MR. A. BERKOWITZ, of the Standard Clothing Store, returned last Monday with his bride.

REMEMBER the Corporation Convention at City Hall this evening. (Saturday, March 22.)

BY SPECIAL act of Legislature, Common Pleas Court session is postponed from April 17 to April 21.

Last week the Commissioners sold the wreck of the Linton Mills bridge except flooring for $205.50.

POCOCK & ADAMS shipped 40 horses, John Frew 67 hogs, and G Clark 57 hogs and 131 sheep last week.

THERE will be services at the Baptist Church next Sunday evening at seven o'clock. Sunday School at 9.30.

MR. G. T. KNIGHT, of Lorain, O., will open a Restaurant and Confectionary in the Park Hotel, March 20.

A CHILD of Mr. Lambert Finley, near New Moscow, is reported at the point of death from congestion of the brain

MR J. P. ROGERS of this township, on last Tuesday on a tour in the West. His first objective point is Mexico Missouri

REV. ROBERTS closed a very successful series of meetings at Conesville, last Sunday Twenty accessions was the result.

MRS. DR CHAPMAN, of El Paso, Ill., came on the afternoon train to Coshocton, to attend the funeral of her sister, Mrs. Maggie Bell.

TOWNSHIP TICKETS.—THE AGE office will be prepared to print township election tickets on an hour's notice and at reasonable prices.

THE annual renting of pews in the Presbyterian church of Coshocton, will take place on Wednesday after noon, March 26, at 2 P. M.

THE Festival held by Richard Lanning Post G. A. R., last Thursday evening, was a grand success in every sense of the word. The receipts were about $135.

MR. J. N. BLRZ, Wheeler Cullison and William Horn, of New Castle and East Union neighborhood, went to Gosper county, Kansas, to pre-empt a homestead each.

THE Republican Convention at City Hall this (Saturday) evening should be a boomer An enthusiastic convention will result in united action and consequent victory.

COL. POCOCK, who is working for the Union Central Life Insurance Company, has been spending this week at home with his family. He returned to Ashland Thursday.

MR RAMSEY BOYD of Illinois, brother to Mrs. Maggie Bell was called home by a telegram telling of her illness, but arrived too late. He arrived by the noon train Wednesday.

COUNTRY schools are closing all about us. Mr. Hamp Deane closes Saturday. We were shown a nice present which was to be given as a token of friendship by some of his pupils.

THE Democrats of Tuscarawas township will hold a convention in City Hall, Saturday afternoon, March 29th, at two o'clock, to nominate a township ticket, and at 7:30 to nominate a corporation ticket.

A DAUGHTER of the late Mr. Alex. Jennings, while alighting from a spring wagon last Saturday, fell and crushed her nose and bruised her face considerably. The lady lives a short distance out of town.

ON account of high waters the mail did not go out to a great many post-offices in the county, so if any of our readers are wondering why THE AGE was an age behind time last week, this will account for it.

MRS. ELLA LANNING, wife of James Lanning daughter of the late James Given, died near Mohawk Village of consumption, on last Saturday and was buried on last Tuesday. She was about 30 years of age.

LET every Republican in the corporation be present at the Convention to be held in City Hall this evening (Saturday, March 22) and thereby create an enthusiasm that can but result in good.

MR. ED RANSOM, of the firm of Hay & Ransom, will go East in a few days to purchase spring goods. Readers of THE AGE will be informed in due time, as to the fine things he will have in store for them on his return.

THE fiftieth anniversary of Mr. G. F. Wilcoxon's birthday was celebrated by a few friends who gathered at his residence on South Fifth street, and were elegantly entertained by Mr. Wilcoxon and his worthy lady.

GEN. JONES, President of Mt Vernon, Coshocton & Wheeling R. R. Company has called a meeting of Directors and Stockholders, and all others interested in Railway matters at Uhrichsville, next Tuesday March 27th.

MR. J. B. LITTICK closed a very successful third term of school at "Science Hill," Coshocton county, on last Friday, with a public exhibition. John will teach the summer term there also.—[Adamsville Recorder.

COL. E. J. POCOCK will go to Cincinnati to meet the State and Regimental Officers of the O. N. G., to make arrangements for next summer's encampment under the new regulations requiring the military to encamp in Brigades.

THE Harmony Baptist Church near Sand Stone Ridge, is now completed, and is claimed to be the finest Baptist church in the northern part of the county. Rev. D. Trichler will preach the dedicatory sermon April 6, at 11 a. m.

MR. L. F. JACKSON, of West Lafayette, has been employed as a general agent for the Union Publishing Company, of Cincinnati, and will travel through Southern Ohio and West Virginia. He is an energetic young man, and will succeed.

CAPT. PRICE received a letter from Major Charles A. Montgomery, of Newark, stating that he started east for Philadelphia on last Thursday, to visit relatives in that city. The Major talks of locating at Philadelphia some time in the near future.

THE Cleveland Leader says that the incompleted C. A & C. Ry. is to be purchased by S. B. Dick, of Meadville, Pa., and others, and pushed to completion. The road has cost $200,000, and finished to Dresden, all except 33 miles in the west part of this county.

MISS SARAH WILCOXON, a sister of Mr. Greenbury Wilcoxon, of this town, and of Mrs A. J. Wilkins, of Newcomerstown, fell down while engaged in household duties at her home in Newcomerstown, last Wednesday, and broke her leg. Other injuries were sustained, but are not serious.

A PLEASANT surprise birthday party was given Mr. August Erman, of Franklin township, Mar. 3d, the 49th aninversary of his birthday. There were many friends present from both Muskingum and Coshocton counties, and many silver and other elegant and appropriate presents were made.

MRS. CAROLINE ENDLICH died March 11th, of lung fever. She was the wife of Jacob Endlich, of Adams township, and a member of the Lutheran Reformed Church for half a century. She leaves a great many relatives, among whom are a husband, two sons and two daughters to mourn their loss.

FROM the Tuscarawas township Treasurer's books we glean the following: There were issued during the fiscal year 132 orders, redeemed as follows: Township fund orders, 51; road fund, 2; poor fund, 78. Amounts: township, $1416.90; road, $31.14; poor fund, $364.77. Grand total for all funds, $1832.81.

THE C. A. Carmen, of whom mention was made in THE AGE last week, and whom Marshal Kiser was instructed to arrest, was arrested at Barnesville last Monday by Marshal Reed, of Zanesville, and taken to the latter city to answer for stealing clothing from his boarding house. His boxes still remain in the express office here.

THE Adamsville Recorder says that J. B. Littick and wife, of Coshocton county, visited friends in that vicinity last week; that Ed Sturtz, of Franklin township, Coshocton county, sold 24 acres of his land to Ed Martin for $960; and that the Saltwork school debaters debated the question, Is the the world growing worse?

EAGLEPORT, MORGAN CO., O., March 13, 1884.—The body of my father who departed this life Dec. 23, 1883, will be removed from this place to Pleasant Hill, Monroe township, for interment April 2, at 11 A. M. All are invited to attend the funeral services. J. W. SMITH.

A COLORED barber and a prominent citizen of Cambridge, William Wooten, fell dead on the pavement in that city last Monday. Probable cause heart descase. He was a Mason, an Oddfellow, and a Steward of the M. E. Church at that place, and well-known in Guernsey county, Belmont county, Bellaire and Zanesville.

EVENING Prayer will be said in Trinity Church Sunday at seven o'clock. Litany Service and sermon Friday evening at seven o'clock. Sunday School of Trinity Church at 9:30 every Sunday. The new library of the School, consisting of one hundred and twenty-two volumes, was used for the first time last Sunday.

SURVEYORS are now engaged in surveying a line through Southern Holmes and northern Coshocton counties for the proposed Pittsburgh, Marion & Chicago Railway. It runs about a mile north of New Bedford. The people in that section are anxious for an east and west road and will extend liberal aid to secure the same.

HORSE BILLS.—The season is at hand for those wanting horse bills to call and leave their orders. We have a number of first-class horse cuts representing different breeds, and paper and cardboard specially adapted for work of that kind. Our prices are reasonable and our facilities for getting out this kind of work excellent.

MRS. AND MRS. CHARLES N. GAUMER were given a wooden wedding celebration at their home on Walnut street. About 58 guests participated in the festivities of the occasion and made many useful and valuable presents. There were friends from Linton township, this county, from Muskingum county, and many of the town's people present.

SAYS the Chicago Newspaper Union: "Thos. V. Deary is meeting with encouraging success in the publication of the Advance, at Wadsworth. He has the office material formerly used in publishing the Enterprise, and is receiving the support of the merchants and reading public." Mr. Deary's Coshocton friends will be pleased to learn of his success.

A POSTAL CARD from S. A. Boyd, dated Ford, Nebraska, March 11. says: "We arrived at our destination on Friday, the 7th, feeling pretty tired. Found our friend, Rev. T. H. Pollock, formerly of Coshocton, waiting for us at the station. We are staying with him and his sister, Mrs. Shenefelt, until we locate. Will write your paper when we get located. We are all well.

BY a private letter from Akron we learn of the death of Mrs. Mary Reynolds, the mother of Mrs. W. H. Barnes, who died on Saturday last, after a lingering illness. She was buried in Akron on Monday, Rev. J. Whitworth officiating.—[Mt. Vernon Republican. Mrs. Reynolds was formerly a resident of New Castle, this county.

THE ladies of the Home Missionary Society of the M. E. Church of Coshocton will give a basket social, Tuesday evening, March 25, in the Lecture room of the church. Each lady prepares a basket with supper for two. These are then sold at 25c each, the purchaser and the owner of the basket to eat their supper together. Ladies, prepare your baskets, and gentlemen, be on hand to buy them and have a jolly time.

A LADY in the western part of the county was given up by her physician to die of tumor in the side, and a preacher in the same township was called in to pray and prepare the lady for death, and also asked to prescribe for tumor. All preparations were duly made and the last sad rites administered, when, lo! the lady in question, to the surprise of the physician, the preacher, the husband and even herself, gave birth to tripletts. Don't mention it.

MR. JAMES DUNCAN has invented a veneering plane and has it on exhibition at his place of business on Main street. There are only two of them manufactured as yet in the whole United States, and as soon as Mr. Duncan can give his attention to the manufacture, he will push business. The plain is a splendid success, and will be appreciated by cabinet-makers every where. He is negotiating with the Auburn Plane Co. for the sale of his patent or a royality on its manufacture.

JIM HAUN, the notorious, of Wolfe's Station, Tuscarawas county, who was convicted of perjury by the Guernsey Common Pleas Court, and sentenced to a term in the penitentiary, has been released. The case was carried to the Supreme Court, and that body decid the proceedings were irregular. Hence the result. James may not have perjured himself, but for genuine, unadulterated, tall and indiscriminate yarns, verging upon the brink of falsehood, if not direct, he can lay out the oldest inhabitant.

AFTER prolonged discussion Newcomerstown has decided to build a town hall, and the contract has been awarded to Messrs. Criswell & Negley, of New Philadelphia, for the sum of $19,450. A correspondent says the hall "will be a first-class brick structure and will be finished in elegant style, having a large auditorium which will seat several hundred people, and also having a splendid stage. The first floor will be occupied by the city officials and the fire department. The hall will be ready for occupancy by December, 1884."

THE Guernsey county saloon keepers are wrathy, to a wonderful degree, at Mr. D. D. Taylor, of the Times, for his pesevering warfare upon the drink traffic in general, and the Guernsey violators in particular. Not having the manhood to openly attack or insult him, they send anonymous communications threatening personal violence. The courageous editor never flinches, however, and pours hot shot into them in reply. As a result the cowardice of the violators of law is made more apparent, and the Times becomes more popular with law abiding citizens.

MENTION was made last week of the Park Hotel having been leased by Mr. Plank. Mr. P. is an experienced hotel manager, now having three or more under his control. The Park will be in charge of Messrs. Wm. T. Zellars & Co. and possession will be taken about April 15, or as soon thereafter as necessary improvements can be made, which will be of considerable magnitude. The entrance is to be widened and the office placed in the second story. A number of partitions are to be taken out and a large rotunda, supported by massive columns and arches made, whereby the appearance will be greatly improved and the whole made more home-like. A large balcony is to be erected in front and other improvements made.

MR. HENRY STROME, of Warsaw, came to Roscoe, on Saturday last, with a load of eggs and butter to ship for the firm of C. Strome & Sons. He saw that the water was over the road between the bridges, but supposing he could cross made the attempt. When about half way across one of the horses fell and was drowned. Mr. Strome tried to save the remaining horse but failed on account of its becoming unmanagable, and he himself with both horses floated down the strong current. Mr. Tom LeRetilley and others came to the rescue, and after some difficulty Mr. Strome was rescued but the horses floated on down the current. The loss to Mr. Strome was $250. The horses were found after the waters subsided, and the harness was taken from them.

ON OTHER pages we publish matter pertaining to the Mt. Vernon, Coshocton & Wheeling Railway that should have the effect of inducing the people of Coshocton to renewed effort to secure this greatly coveted enterprise. The people all along the proposed line are laboring to secure it, and if a united effort be made there is no doubt but it can be secured. The letter from Warsaw concerning it demonstrates that if the proper encouragement is extended by the people of Coshocton, it can be placed under contract; but if they do not, then it is just as certain to fail as the sun shines. The people of Coshocton have not extended that aid, and are making no demonstrations of the kind. Whether or not this apathy will continue we know not, but if it does, good-bye to all enterprises.

Married.

March 18th, by Rev. Wm. E. Hunt, Mr. J. B. Zuck and Miss Florence F. Speaks, both of Warsaw, O.

THE appointment of Mr. Wm. Hickson, the long-haired poet and crank, to the position of collector of tolls, has created a breeze among the faithful adherents of St. Andy Jackson. Hickson less than a year ago returned to Roscoe from New York State, whither he had moved for the purpose of becoming a citizen, and as a result he receives a political appointment from the hands of the Democracy before he is a citizen of the State. Aside from this the feeling in Roscoe against Mr. Hickson is bitter because of ways that are dark and tricks that are not straight in his dealings with his fellowmen. Mr. James Slaughter and Mr. Aaron Severns, life long Democrats, and workers in the Democratic stone yard, were applicants for the position, and either would have proved acceptable to the respectable Democrats, but they were thrown overboard and the position given a man of doubtful character, whom business men generally distrust. The only reason that can be assigned for the appointment having been made is the desire to create inspirations in the mind of the long haired devotee of the wax and awl to the end that campaign "poetry" may be plentiful next year.

MRS. MAGGIE BOYD BELL, of White Eyes township, died Wednesday morning at 8:45 o'clock, of erysipelas. The erysipelas had been driven from the surface and had settled on the brain, causing what is known as erysipelas fever. Her friends had been notified on last Saturday that she was not expected to live, but on Monday a turn was taken in the course of the disease, and they all supposed she was getting better. Mrs. Bell is a sister of Mrs. Alice Krout, of Washington township, Mrs. Dr. Chapman, of El Paso, Illinois, and a daughter of Mr. Wm. Boyd, of White Eyes township. She was residing with her father at the time of her death, having resided with him since the death of her husband, J. W. Bell. Mrs. Bell was well known to citizens of the western part of the county, and universally esteemed by them as a warm hearted friend and obliging neighbor, and an intelligent, talented lady. Her girlhood days were spent at school, from which she went into the world as teacher, where she achieved great success in her calling. About nine years ago she was united in marriage to J. W. Bell, and to them were born two children, one of which died in early infancy, leaving the other to mourn his mother's loss. The writer of this article was personally acquainted with Mrs. Bell, and can testify to the great worth of her personal character. Her funeral takes place at Chalfant's Church in Washington township at about 3 o'clock, p. m. on Friday afternoon.

MR. JESSE ATWELL, Deputy Internal Revenue Collector for this disttict, has resigned. Mr. Atwell is so well and favorably known in this county that we take pleasure in reproducing the following from the Zanesville Daily Courier of Wednesday:

Mr. Atwell has been in the Revenue service as an assistant and Deputy, a little over twenty-one years. His assessments and collections have mounted up in the millions, and his accounts have always balanced to the cent. No officer or detective ever gave utterance to even a breath of suspicion against this old, tried and true Federal officer. A more honest, capable, conscientious government employe than Jesse Atwell could not be found in all the civil service of this country. Mr. Atwell will be succeeded here by Capt. O G. Danuels of Mt. Vernon, on the first of April. The people of this section of Col. Bogg's district will be sorry to learn of Mr. Atwell's retirement from the Revenue Service. He began at the bottom and has given the best years of his life to the Government at a low salary, performing a large amount of labor for which he has been illy requitted. The office of Deputy Collector will still remain at Zanesville."

Correct.

From the Cambridge Jeffersonian.

The Court House was insured last week for $40,000. The Phœnix, the North American and the Ætna taking a $10,000 risk each for five years. It costs the county $440 --COSHOCTON AGE.

Had the commissioners of Coshocton county put up a fire-proof building this great outlay for insurance would have been saved, and the people would have had assurance of the safety of the public records. Insurance money can never restore their loss. The Guernsey county commissioners are wiser than those of Coshocton.

The fact is the cost of the Coshocton county court house was sufficient to erect a fire proof building, but there was a gang of political tricksters and ringsters in charge who did not look after the interests of the people. They see it now!

Roscoe

Mrs. Alice Dorsey, of Dresden, is visiting her father and sister, this week.

Miss Eva Mirise and Mr. Ed. Trego, students of Delaware, are home on a two weeks vacation.

Mrs. Rebecca Trego is home to spend a short time with her family, before resuming her tour of lecturing on temperance.

Social Club meets on Friday instead of Thursday evening this week, on account of the G. A. R. Festival.

Mr. Ben Jacobs, our tonsorial artist, is achieving fame as a portrait artist, also. He has had on exhibition in his tonsorial parlor a full-length portrait of Alice Oates, the past week, drawn by himself.

Mr. John Trego is not a candidate for office this spring on account of a boil on his neck. The breath necessary to be expended in electioneering is more profitably expended in profanity directed at boils in general.

Roscoe is death on chickens and boarding house ducks. Mr. Hutchins had some twenty chickens abstracted within the last two weeks, feed, feathers and all, while Mr. Tip Harrison has been mourning the loss of a fine duck he had been saving for a Sunday roast.

Rev. S. R. Clark closed a series of meetings on last Tuesday night. Mr. Clark has labored faithfully in his work, and but for weariness, having been laboring at different points, night and day, for forty or fifty days, he would have continued these meetings for some time longer.

Some three weeks ago Mr. Wm. Moffitt laid his overcoat down in John Brown's saloon. In the pocket of the overcoat was a pocket-book containing $31 and some papers. When Mr. Moffit picked up his overcoat the pocket-book was gone. It turned up this week, like the prodigal son, empty, sad and forlorn, and could give no account of its mysterious disappearance or of its contents.

Political matters are agitating the surface of the still waters at present, and there is more discussion over the township tickets and nominees than over the celebrated Hayes and Tilden Commission. John Edwards has come out as a candidate against M. G. Hack, for Treasurer, subject to the Republican township convention, Saturday, March 29th. Judge T. E. Willis is also candidate for Township Clerk.

The Rose Bros's manufacturing establishment, which has been inactive on account of the frolicsome freaks of the White Woman, began work last Wednesday morning on an order of eighteen chamber sets of furniture, consisting of bed, toilet table, mirrors, etc. This order follows Mr Stockton, present proprietor of the Park Hotel, Coshocton, to Lancaster, O., where he proposes to set up again in the hotel business.

We visited the "old red hen" owned by Mr. Martin J. Schott, one day this week, and will say for her that she is a good old "critter" and is faithfully engaged in trying to hatch out 91 eggs for her owner. She is run by steam, and her owner thinks of getting a patent on her, so we will not describe her further, only to say that she is made of wood and hatches by steam. We think she will be a success this trip. Mr. Schott is quite an inventor, and we wish him success. His first trial of "the old red hen" did not prove successful on account of so much heat that the chickens were roasted when they were about one-third formed.

Probate Court.

Melinda Henderson was appointed administratrix of the estate of Benjamin Henderson, deceased. Bond $2,000.

The last will of Permilia Axline, was admitted to probate and ordered to be recorded.

The last will of Sprague Bainter, deceased, was admitted to probate, and ordered to be recorded.

Marriage licenses were issued to J. B Zuck and Frances E. Speaks, David Montgomery and Mary Carr.

Transfers of Real Estate.

Samuel Lamberson to Martin V. Board, half of lot 4 in Triplett's addition to Coshocton, for $500.

Martin G. Hack, assignee, to Leander Mirise, 5 acres in Jackson tp., for $400.

Clayton Gilbert to David Deringer, ¼ acre in Monroe tp., for $50.

The Cannon Ball Route.

The Steubenville Gazette says: In an interview to-day with one of the directors of the proposed Mt. Vernon, Coshocton & Wheeling Railroad we learn that they are actively at work and that the engineers will shortly commence the surveys from Mt. Vernon to Marion. A large portion of the right of way has been secured over several routes, among which is a valuable franchise of some twenty miles, including the towing path of the Walhonding canal, for which the State has given the company a deed in fee simple. It is proposed to furnish all the surveys the coming season from Marion to the Ohio River. It has been suggested at different times that Steubenville is interested in securing some connection with this road and the time for action is not far off.

The Herald says: An enthusiastic railroad meeting was held at Uhrichsville Saturday night, when it was resolved to have a survey made for the Mt. Vernon & Coshocton road from Newcomerstown to Franklin. The Steubenville Board of Improvement will hold a meeting this week to discuss the matter of a survey for a branch from this city, a subject of very considerable importance.

DON'T buy your spring assortment of carpets and lace curtains until you have seen our stock, remembering that for each and every dollar's worth purchased in this department you will receive a ticket which entitles the holder to one chance in an elegant Brussels carpet matched and made ready for the floor, to be drawn July 1, 1884. See advertisement in next week's issue.

HAY & RANSOM.

SEE here, young man, if you are about to marry, it stands you in hand to look about for furniture. Let us advise you. If you desire to select from the best stock and buy at the lowest prices, go to D. Rose & Son, Coshocton, O.

JUST received a handsome line of Hamburg and Swiss Embroideries and Insertions at HAY & RANSOM'S.

IT WILL PAY YOU

To buy Wall Papers and Borders of Dr. J. Anderson & Sons. 22-4t.

GENUINE MAPLE SYRUP

just received at J. K. Johnson's.

WALL PAPER at Compton's' 2t

FINE cut tobacco—40c per pound at J. K. Johnson's.

EVERY one is invited to call and inspect our Lace Curtains in the piece and by the pair. The largest and cheapest line in Coshocton.

HAY & RANSOM.

PREPARED Calsom Finish for walls and ceilings, at Compton's. 2t

HONEY—in one and two pound boxes—at J. K. Johnson's.

NEW Wall Paper at Anderson's. 22-4t

ALL the latest styles of Chamber Suits, Parlor Suits, etc., at D. Rose & Son's.

JUST received an elegant line of Ladies' Hand Satchels cheaper than the cheapest. Call and see.

HAY & RANSOM.

FOR SALE A George Wood Organ, worth $100, will be sold for $65 if taken within 50 days. Inquire at this office.

GROUND Oil Cake at Compton's. 2t

D. ROSE & SON handle only the best makes of Furniture, and satisfaction is always given.

FLORAL DECORATIONS.

J. K. Johnson can, on short notice, furnish, boquets, cut flowers and floral decorations for parties, weddings, suppers, funerals, etc.

Don't forget to call and get a Gold or Silver Shirt, the best and cheapest in the city.

D. M. MOORE, Sole Agent, Schaich Block.

WALL PAPER.

Largest Stock, Latest Styles and lowest prices. Paper trimmed free. 22-4t Dr. J. ANDERSON & SONS.

D. ROSE & SON still lead in the Furniture business. Give them a trial.

CALL and see our choice line of Chambrays in all colors—a new washable goods. Prices away down.

HAY & RANSOM.

Republican Corporation Convention

The Republicans of Coshocton are requested to meet in convention in City Hall, on

SATURDAY EVENING, MARCH 22,

for the purpose of nominating

One candidate for Mayor,
One candidate for Marshal,
One candidate for Clerk,
One candidate for Treasurer,
One candidate for Street Commissioner,
Three candidates for Town Council,
One candidate for Cemetery Trustee.

At the same time and place a township ticket will be nominated.

Republican Township Conventions

The Republicans of Virginia township are requested to meet at township hall on Saturday, April 5th, at one o'clock P. M., for the purpose of nominating candidates for township offices to be filled at the election on Monday, April 7. BY ORDER OF COMMITTEE.

Republicans of Jackson township will meet at Town Hall in Roscoe on Saturday, March 29, at 2 P M., for the purpose of nominating a ticket for spring election. A full attendance is desired.

The Republicans of Keene township are requested to meet in convention in the township hall in Keene, on Saturday, March 29, at 3 o'clock P. M., for the purpose of putting in nomination a township ticket. "And don't you forget it.

BY ORDER OF COMMITTEE.

THE Republicans of Bedford township are requested to meet in convention Saturday, March 29th, at four o'clock P. M, to nominate a township ticket. A full attendance is urged.

The Republicans of Adams township will hold their convention for the nomination of township officers on Saturday, April 5, at 1 p. m.

BY ORDER OF COMMITTEE.

Don't fail of looking through our Gents' Furnishing Department. We make Neck Wear a speciality. The largest and finest in the city.

D. M. MOORE, The Leading Gent's Furnisher. Schaich Block.

Lost—A Pocket Book.

Small black leather pocket book, containing $46 in paper money, and a promissory note for $10.75 payable to order of undersigned. Supposed to have been lost in Coshocton or between Coshocton and Warsaw. Finder will be rewarded by returning to owner or leaving at the Bee Hive Store in Coshocton.

N. H. BECKLEW.

A Top Buggy, nearly new, for sale at D. M. Moore's, Cheap. Made last summer to our order.

NOBBY, new and nice is the line of spring and summer styles of felt and fur hats at the store of Wright & Stanford's. Drop in and see them.

READY Mixed Paints—all colors—at Compton's. 2t

We keep constantly on Hand Clothing made up of our own manufacture, and we guarantee it the same as when we make you a suit to order. These goods are thoroughly shrunk before being made up; and will furnish you with pieces to repair them when worn.

D. M. MOORE, The Custom Clothier, Schaich Block.

IS YOUR head bald, or is you hair long? If neither, perhaps it is cropped as close as a prize fighter's, but it matters not what the condition of your head, you can secure just the kind of a hat you want, either in wool or fur, at Wright & Stanford's. Their spring and summer styles are now in and the line is full up.

We cordially invite all those thinking of ordering Spring Suits, to call and examine our Spring Stock. It is larger than ever, and as for cheapness cannot be beaten.

D. M. MOORE, The Popular Merchant Tailor, Schaich Block.

NEWSPAPER ARCHIVE® NEWSPAPER ARCHIVE®

Printed in this paper by special arrangement with the author.

SEALED UNTO HIM.*

A STORY OF THE EARLY DAYS OF MORMONISM.

BY JOAQUIN MILLER,

AUTHOR OF "SONGS OF THE SIERRAS," "THE DANITES," "MEMORIE AND HIME," ETC.

CHAPTER II.

BY THE DEAD SEA.

It was called the dead sea in the old days by those who passed that way. The River Jordan still holds its biblical name, as do many of the passes, springs, valleys, and mountain-peaks surrounding Salt Lake.

My father was more puzzled as to who this strange man might be, after taking his hand and hearing him talk in his quiet, unselfish, and learned fashion, than ever before. Was he indeed a Danite, or only some poor Mormon, a sort of insane man, doing penance as he professed?

It is a great mistake to say that only dishonest, ignorant and impure men are fanatics in religion. I frequently recall, when thinking of these things, the gaunt, lean figure of the old learned Caliph who sat on his red camel outside the gates of Jerusalem, demanding the keys of the doomed city. I see him dine, as he sits there, on two dried figs and a drink of water from the leathern bottle at his belt. I see him die at last, after all the wealth of the East has passed untouched through his hands, with face lifted radiant in hope to the gates of heaven. That his followers were ignorant, bad at heart, is true. They could not even plead redeeming industry.

Pardon this digression. One is tempted into noting parallels of religious fanaticism, folly, and madness by the singular similarity of the physical characteristics of the two lands—Syria and this Mormon region now known as Utah.

It was a tired, dusty, disheartened little party that touched the salt-white shore of the dead sea in the heart of the great desert and wilderness of this continent more than thirty years ago.

The silent and melancholy man in the long black barrow was quite well enough, after the night's rest which followed my father's visit, to creep on after his coffin the next morning; and he kept up, hovering on our border, keeping only a little way in the rear, camping only a little way off, living his singular life all by himself, as before, till we reached the shores of the inland sea.

It is to be confessed that there was not one of our little train that did not hope, expect, almost pray, that here this man would leave us—this nightmare, shadow, and cloud; this bird of evil omen, rise at last and fly away. Not so.

The coffin took up position not five hundred yards away on the bank of the brawling little stream which swept into the great black lake, with its gleaming border of crystal-white salt. The grass was long and strong here. Some willows cast a cooling shade. Here the tall and hideous giant with the hollow eyes sat and read all day alone. But where was he at night? We children did not fish in that stream once during the whole week of rest here, while purchasing fresh supplies from Salt Lake City, only a few miles away to the south. We stepped high and hurried in the tall grass if by chance any of the cattle went too close to that monstrous shape, and we had to go there to drive them back and near camp.

My father had been very anxious all the journey to hear from the Lanes. He often asked men who had slow teams like our own if they had seen this party pass. They had been seen often. At the settlement of Salt Lake he asked for them in vain.

One day he ventured to approach the watchful and silent giant who rested by his coffin as he read in the shade of the willows, and asked if he had had any information about the Lanes.

The man only lifted the lids of his hollow eyes, looked a moment at my father, let them fall, and again went on reading. But seeing that my father still stood respectfully by, and was disposed neither to ask again nor even to grow angry and pass on in silence, he again lifted his eyes for a second, and looking at my father, said, in a deep, solemn, and never-to-be-forgotten tone:

"Maybe they have been judged; and are not!"

And again he went on reading and said no word more, while my father, with pale lips, silently took my hand and returned to camp. He knew what that awful sentence meant very well.

But the beautiful, black-eyed girl, so full of youth, health, affection, devotion—what monstrous creature in all this world could be found miserable enough to murder her? Surely her purity, her sweetness, should be as ten thousand swords to defend her. Her beauty should have been as an army with banners. What had happened? We shall see.

One morning before sunrise, two long-haired men on horseback, bearing long rifles before them, dashed up to the grim black shape half-hidden in the rank rye, grass there by the bank of the little trout stream, and the bony giant was seen to sit suddenly bolt upright in his coffin.

The conference did not last long. Only a few words passed—orders mainly—brief, short, sharp, and mostly made up of monosyllables and gestures; and then the long-haired men on horse-back, with their long rifles before them, wheeled suddenly and disappeared in and behind a grove of the cool, leaning willows up the stream.

Then it was that the certain conviction settled down upon all as to who this monster was. Men and women too, in the many camps scattered here and there, up and down the willow-lined stream, began to question themselves with pale lips if they had aught to answer for, to these sudden, swift, and merciless "judges" of the tribe of Dan.

The terror that now possessed us, and lay steadily and still over all, was painful, pitiful. No one dared to speak to his neighbor. No one knew who his neighbor was. There was something of that awful stillness and sad pity over the face of nature which is to be observed when an earthquake is about to break the heart of our mother earth.

On the next day four other men, similarly mounted, equally abrupt, sudden, and swift, swept up the little stream from the shores of the white-lined sea, and looked up and down and right and left, as if for some one who was lost or had escaped. They did not speak to any one, or even come near to the silent man up the stream, above our camp. But they beckoned him and he answered back. They then dash on up the mountain side which sloped to the stream and climbing at a steady gallop to the high gray summit, sat there in a group a long time, looking to the east, to the west, everywhere, long and eagerly. Then they rode on down the grassy hill toward the head of the stream, and we saw them no more. But a darker shadow than ever was over us now; a shadow lay behind them like the shadow of death.

We could not endure the strain any longer. And then, in fact, we were almost ready to set out once more on the long, long journey still before us. Father made excuse that he wanted to catch the cool of the evening. And this gave him some pretence of reason to haste. And so he set out, as the sun went down, to move his little train on, on, on, onward over the great white border of this black sea of death—anywhere, indeed, to get rid of this nightmare that hovered over, suffocated us.

Some of our men had made a boat here out of an old wagon bed. By the help of a friendly Indian they had rowed far out to a little island with three green trees on it. There was a rock just visible above the black, heavy waters here close to this island.

One of the men who went in bathing on the edge of the island swam toward this rock. The Indian was horrified, and with wild yells beckoned him back. But the man was already turning back through the black, heavy water, and making for the island and the boat with all his might. He had seen a dead body there with log-chains about it—the work of the Danites. And yet no man dared say so, or even speak of it.

You must know that the water of Salt Lake is so dense and heavy with salt that you cannot possibly sink in it, unless great weights are attached to your body.

I may mention that this rock and this island are no longer visible. The shores of Sate Lake are at least ten feet from their old white line of thirty years ago. And that island and rock in the heart of the great black sea of death are hidden entirely. The plowed lands have been washed into the lake, and its pores and outlets have been choked up. Away to the south side of the lake last year I rowed my boat over miles and miles of fences that had been swallowed up by the rising waters. The Pacific Railroad Company attempted to build close to the border of this lake on the north side at first. The gradually rising water drove it to the hills.

As our little train began to stretch out and start with its creaking wagons on down and around the white rim of the great lake to the west, in the gorgeous moonlight, we felt sure that we should not be followed by that haunting and horrid spectre that had so long pushed its black shape silently after us. We drew out upon the broad, white salt border, and began to strike away toward the west. He was not with us, not following us, thank Heaven! Every one there took in a long breath, and felt better, freer, than for weeks, months.

Other trains had not broken camp. And so it began to be hoped that we would not be missed by the sudden and swift horsemen who claimed jurisdiction here, and asserted and maintained the right of their elders to sit in judgment on the world. Word was passed up and down the line to hasten on as fast as possible, to put as much distance between them and us, between that hideous black box that had haunted us so long and persistently, as possible before dawn.

We had made two miles, perhaps, before taking breath. We had climb- a little hill. Here we paused; and looking back, there came creeping across the gleaming white road of salt, right on our track as before, that frightful leader of the Danites. He was pushing, with all his show of humility and penance as before, the long black coffin, across the broad white border of salt in the matchless moonlight.

To be Continued.

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History Repeats Itself.

Written for the Coshocton Age.

The writer has been forcibly reminded of this well-known fact, in view of the effect produced by any allusion to the generally understood state of affairs existing in the Southern States.

No matter what state of terrorism is shown to exist, what murders, whippings, outrages of all kinds upon life and liberty, are demonstrated by proof which admits of no denial, the good, patriotic, and peace-loving citizen of the North silences his half-uttered protest before the fierce sneer of "bloody shirt," which is the sole reply made by these law breakers and their coadjutors to the irresistable array of evidence which establishes their guilt.

The day is not so long gone by but that most of us can recall it, when the epithet "Abolitionist" was of equal potency. The "glorious company of martyrs" who dared that odium, as well as other insult, lost friends, prosperity, social consideration, life itself, in conflict for a principle so plain that in these days it is hardly credible it was ever denied, was very small. But though in March, 1884, the system of human slavery finds no defenders, how was it only—comparatively—a short time since?

The South not only maintained, aggressively and triumphantly, its "peculiar institution," but the immense preponderance of political, social and religious power, North and South, contributed to its support.

As general instances of this well-known fact, we have only to remember that when Garrison started the Liberator, in Boston, he appealed vainly to every clergyman in the city for support. That he was attacked, insulted, denounced by other classes, goes without saying.

The celebrated English authoress, Harriet Martineau, visited this country in the height of her fame, and received an ovation in the principal cities, North and South, from the most distinguished classes of society.

In Washington, Philadelphia, New York, Boston, Richmond, Charleston, statesmen, divines, social dignitaries of every kind, vied with each other in lavishing upon her attentions of the most flattering description. While in Boston, however, she was asked by a friend to attend a meeting of the Abolitionist Society, as a spectator, merely.

It was held at a private house, and was conducted very quietly and unostatiously, a majority of the members being women. During the proceedings a mob surrounded the house, which was pelted with mud and stones, breaking windows and shutters, but the little band regarded these as only mild and ordinary demonstrations.

Miss Martineau being called upon, made a brief and very guarded speech in which she expressed sympathy with the cause advocated, but was careful not to identify herself with a Society which she had been led to regard as a band of incendiary fanatics. But she found herself fatally compromised by even these slight tokens of affinity with the despised Abolitionists, and from that time forth this lady, a stranger, endowed not only with brilliant intellect, but with all womanly worth and grace of character, was not only socially ostracized in the country where she had just before been an honored guest, but subjected to insult and even peril of her life. It is not necessary to speak of the countless mobbings and persecutions often to death—as in the case of Lovejoy—of those who were as truly martyrs for right's sake as any within the pages of Fox's Book.

Do we not remember how here in Coshocton county "Old Eli Nicholls" stood alone as a "fanatical Abolitionist" and was celebrated as such far and near? Do we not remember how the columns of the Democrat teemed with coarse invectives and coarser attempts at wit directed at this man because he dared openly oppose a system which no one now denies was infamous?

Cuts representing "Ugly Eli" were an important part of the stock in trade of that journal—not at that time conducted by its present editor. I never saw Mr. Nicholls. I believe he was not a handsome man, but I believe also that in the sight of Eternal Justice his homely countenance had a rarer beauty than that of the most elegant and admired gentleman who ever profited by the stolen labor of the slave.

This state of affairs was terminated by a blunder of the Southern leaders, which they have long seen, and almost succeeded in repairing.

The guns at Sumpter "raised a peal that echoed round the world." At that sound, to whiah events had for years been pointing, the North awoke from shameful apathy, to combat the danger which the exercise of vigilance and resolution might have crushed long before. For years the cries of the oppressed had come up on every southern breeze, but they fell upon deaf and indifferent ears. Absorbed in money-getting, crying peace, peace, when no peace was, the people condemned all agitation on an evil which sapped the foundations of the Government, and denounced those who uttered warnings as fanatical and mischievous. The inevitable result followed, and liberty had to be rebought at the old price of blood. It is always worth it, but is not that of "eternal vigilance" cheaper and easier? The thousands of noble and useful lives sacrificed, the wealth wasted, are only a portion of the immense losses of the war. They can never be fully reckoned. Thousands died outright upon the field or perished in hospitals; many others endured torture and death in Southern prison pens. Of those who returned numbers carry to-day ghastly wounds, or endure disease of which exposure and hardships laid the foundation. These are some of the physical consequences of the war; the mental and moral suffering is incalculable.

History repeats itself, and if we never again turn this awful page, it will be because we have learned wisdom by dear experience Thoughtful persons realize that we have at present existing many of the conditions which preceded the civil war.

The mass of the colored people in the Southern States are not only denied the rights of citizens, but are kept in subjection by an organized system of outrage and murder, the perpetrators of which not only go unpunished, but are applauded and rewarded.

Danville and Copiah county furnish only late illustrations of what has been repeated over and over, and Wheeler, the murderer of Matthews, boasting and swaggering in the streets of Jackson, is a familiar figure. We have seen his like before, and will continue to do so until the conditions that produced him are altered.

It is not easy for the people of the free, busy North, occupied with a thousand schemes of industry and enterprise, to realize that a part of their country is like a slice of the Dark Ages, where the duel, the vendetta, and other relics of barbarism still flourish in the light of the nineteenth century. That instead of devoting energy to building up and developing their section, growing rich, happy, harmonious, the years have been wasted in perpetuating race and sectional hatred, and in establishing a reign of terror, which desolates their country as surely as a blighting wind. Some years since Judge Tourgee gave an outline of the Southern situation, and of the intent and scope of the purposes which were being planned and carried.

All subsequent events have proven the carefulness of his observation and the truth of his testimony.

The Southern Confederacy failed to accomplish its purpose, and the failure was no sooner assured than the scheme was formed to accomplish by other means what they could not accomplish by force of arms.

Years have gone by which we hoped were bringing peace and prosperity to the South, and healing over inevitable differences. We wake out of this delusive dream to-day to find that a plan, the existence of which was not credited, has been successfully matured and the very foundation of the Government again assailed. The question of independence and of unity have been settled at any cost—is that of the right of franchise, the basis of the republic, less important? For however little we may be disposed to listen to the dictates of justice and humanity in behalf of the patient race which has endured wrong frow first to last, the situation has now assumed a phase vital to every citizen. If, in any section of the country disfranchisement is possible by fraud and violence, there is no safety in any, and lawlessness cannot prevail in Mississippi to-day without threatening Ohio to-morrow.

It is easier to lose than to regain, and through carelessness and indifference to allow a precedent to be established that can only be wrenched away by violence.

History repeats itself. Effect follows cause as certainly as the sun rises day after day. If our final effects are to be liberty, union and peace we must prepare the precedents which insure them.

OBSERVER.

BROADBRIM'S NEW YORK LETTER.

Correspondence Coshocton Age.

NEW YORK, March 17, 1884.—It is nearly a quarter of a century ago since San Francisco was in a blaze of excitement on account of an opening of a new hotel. The Occidental was finished, and no man could be found on the Pacific coast competent to open and superintend it. So one was imported from the East, and that man was Lewis Leland, then a dapper young hotel clerk just starting into life. The fame of the Leland Brothers was then at its zenith, and their names as first-class hotel keepers were known in every quarter of the land. When you said a hotel was kept by the Lelands you exhausted the vocabulary of enconium, for the simple reason that there was nothing better. I have known the brothers for many years. It was with profound sorrow that I saw them drop away one by one, and you can scarcely imagine my feelings when I took up a morning paper to learn that Lewis, one of the most talented and amiable of the brothers, had been sent to a lunatic asylum.

When Lewis Leland came to San Francisco he was a young man. He had absolute control of the finest hotel on the Pacific coast, without the investment of a dollar. He had a magnificent suite of apartments at his disposal, and the largest salary that had ever been paid, up to that day, to any hotel superintendent. At that time it seemed as though Lewis Leland was on the high road to collossal fortune. To-day almost every member of the family is either dead or financially ruined. George died suddenly in the West. Horace was struck with paralyses. Charles had to make an assignment for the benefit of his creditors. Young Warren's enterprise at the Coleman ended in financial disaster. Misfortune after misfortune seems to have overtaken every member of the family, but this last stroke is the cruelest of all. If overwork, anxiety and disappoinment have wrecked Mr. Leland's health and shattered his intellect, it will be a source of unfeigned sorrow to the thousands who knew him in his more prosperous days, when the name of Leland assured the passing traveler of all the comforts of a home.

On Monday a wretched female tramp was found frozen to death in Rector street. The policeman who discovered her found her incrusted in ice, so that he had to beat off the icicles with his club to get her on a stretcher. He carried her to the station house, to all appearances as dead as a mackerel that had been six months in pickle. They entered on the blotter: woman found frozen to death in Rector street—and set the stretcher near the stove so as to have her partially thawed out by the time the county undertaker arrived She had not been lying there long, when, to the horror of the officer in charge, she arose from the bier and made it the liveliest time they had seen for several months. It required three stout policemen to put her in the cell, and the officer who brought her in swears that the next time he finds a woman frozen to death, he'll be good and sure that she is done to a turn before he takes her in.

Just now our religious feelings are very much excited by the Madison Avenue Congregational Council. You have undoubtedly read the story of "The Old Man of the Sea." That's just what Dr. Newman is to the Madison Avenue Church. Dr. Newman is a Methodist; he has never been anything else; he never has experienced a change of heart; he never has been received in the Congregational Church; but he forces himself on a congregation that does not require his service, and when the members, who have represented the church from its formation, request him to retire, instead of exhibiting the humiltty of which he is constantly preaching, but which he has never learned to practice, he and his friends resort to the tactics of the prize fighter and the bully, representing their ability to knock their opponents out according to the Marquis of Queensbury rules.

New York has seen many disgraceful squabbles which have helped to bring the church into contempt, and if Dr. Newman is a sample brick, no wonder that church pews are empty. For a man who preaches peace, he is as good a specimen of the fighting parson as could be found in Christendom. It is sincerely to be hoped that he will get his conge, but he is going to fight it to the court of last resort. It is a disgraceful affair, viewed from any standpoint, and one of which all the parties concerned should be thoroughly ashamed.

It is pleasant to be able to say a good thing of a society man, for as a general thing, your regular society man is about the most useless and insignificent article that can be conceived, and it was therefore a genuine pleasure to listen to Maurice M. Mintos' lecture on society, on Wednesday evening at Chickering Hall. Mr. Mintos succeeded in getting a representative society audience around him, and instead of pandering to their prejudices and tastes, he held up their follies to the most merciless ridicule, especially the un-American weakness of hunting up coats-of-arms and looking for the roots of their ancestral trees across the seas. It is a hopeful sign of the times when a young society man, like Mr. Mintos, breaks the shackles of cast, and emancipates himself from the slavery which society imposes, and still more hopeful when for two hours he succeeds in holding an audience, whose vices he lashes and whose follies he impales. To many of the audience his strictures must have been moral crucifixion. Yet, strange to say, though there was scarcely a fashionable man or woman in the house who escaped castigation, the lecture was received with well merited applause, and at the close was a perfect triumph. It was a good, wholesome American tonic, the more especially valuable at this time that we are deluged with foreign follies and foreign shams.

As a general thing, we look upon our Welsh population as among the very best class of foreigners, and when they assimilate with us, as the very best of citizens. It was therefore with considerable surprise that we saw the Rev. Griffith H. Humphrey lugged up before the Commissioners of Charity and Correction, to compel him to provide for a little Humphrey whose mother had no marriage certificate. Miss Jones, the mother, is a comely young Welsh girl, who had been one of the wicked pastor's congregation. When her condition was discovered, a church counsel sat on the minister, and under a sacred promise of marriage, he induced the young girl to acquit him, and he was reinstated in the church. He then abandoned his unfortunate victim and went off and married another woman, and brought her to the church where the ruined girl might see her. Maddened at the sight, and frenzied at the perfidy of her former lover in whom she had put such fatal trust, she applied to the Commissioners of Charity and Correction, and it is to be hoped that this wolf in sheep's clothing will forever be disbarred from again disgracing his sacred calling.

It has been a lively week among the politicians and among the Republicans of the city. Johnny O'Brien is now the head of the heap. What makes the triumph of Mr. O'Brien more noticeable is that he has usually been recognized as the leader of the Republican roughs—a sort of countercheck to Tammany—and indeed, one of the entailed evils of our metropolitan politics. If John Kelley's constituents voted only once on election day, politics in New York would be comparatively plain sailing; but as they vote early and often, and a gentleman by the name of O'Brien can manage that crowd very much better than if his name were Andrews, Wheeler or Cooper.

To an outsider there may not seem to be much in this, but if Shakespeare had lived in the 14th ward, he would never have asked the absurd question, "What's in a name?" Johnny just slew the swallow tails, and he did not take them by surprise, either, for his tried and trusted lieutenant, Barney Biglan, who had the $50,000 contract at Castle Garden, is reported as saying three weeks ago, "Say, lookee here, the swallow tails don't like Johnny. They don't, don't they? Well, we're jist a-going to hump him inter that cheer, and don't you forgit it" And they did

The moral Tribune is the Turveydrop of Republican politics, and stands most religiously on deportment. It seldom reports a boxing match; and such a thing as a cock or a dog fight never appears in its columns. Baseball and cricket are its mildest forms of dissipation, and even these come to us diluted through the medium of indifferent reports. The Tribune has ever stood like a rock against the boys. Its usual tactics have been, just previous to election, to send out a corps of reporters to find out what the boys wanted and then shape its course to go the other way—considering the road that led away from the boys as the only pathway to safety. For years this high-toned organ has held up Johnny O'Brien as a terrible example of the viciousness of American politics. To-day and it roars me gently as a sucking dove, and seems to think that on the whole for administrative ability, individual honesty, singleness of purpose and genuine Republicanism the party could not have done better.

Whitelaw Reid is a canny child. He finds O'Brien firmly in control of the election machinery of the city, and he wants a delegation from New York for his friend Blaine. He thinks Johnny is a little at outs with the present administration and he hopes to profit by it. Verily, verily, politics is a queer business, and there is nothing in them half so queer as the political tergiversations of The Tribune.

Jay Gould is no longer among us, but still we are not happy. The stock market seems like a water logged hull which drifts aimlessly about, and like the wind, no man knows whence it cometh or whither it goeth. Still the moths hover about the flame and every week develops the social wreck of some hottest cashier or trusted clerk who was a professor of religion or a church trustee.

This week the book keeper of a railroad company was found to have fraudulently issued $200,000 worth of stock, and on the discovery of his defalcation he stole nine hundred dollars and fled. He lost the money gambling—but he was such a nice young man.

Of suicides we have had a half dozen, but I can not go into particulars, as the subject is unpleasant, but I may briefly state the causes—love and whisky; bad complaints, both of them, and considering the weather, which has been execrable enough to make any man commit suicide, commending those who have that subject under consideration to the sober, second thought, I would advise them to remember Mr. Toodles' grand motto, "My son, never do to-day that which you can put off till to-morrow.

Yours truly, BROADBRIM.

THE NEW NORTH-WEST.

Correspondence Coshocton Age.

PORTLAND OREGON, March 1, 1881.—When Mr. Cass, as Secretary of State under Mr. Polk, informed Great Britain that we must hold, possess and enjoy the country up to the latitude 54 40 or fight, he little thought how soon the time would come when that country would occupy a place in commercial importance second to no other on the continent. A glance at the map shows that the Pacific Northwest is the mark of the present limit of that grand westward movement which in a decade of years will have built up a commerce equal to that of all the rest of the United States. Over the track of the Northern Pacific and its branches are now, in this dead of winter, hurrying an eager, intelligent and enterprising throng of people, who are filling every accessible region with the best means for its commercial development, and of the present status of Oregon in the light of her commercial transactions with the outside world, it is my purpose now to speak.

In 1882 the exports of wheat, flour, salmon and other articles amounted to $15,870,148, the wheat and flour alone amounting in value to nearly nine millions of dollars, and this from the city of Portland alone. Portland paid into the Treasury in 1883 a thousand dollars a day as revenue collected from imports, which, foreign and domestic, amounted to more than twenty eight millions of dollars. Twenty years ago the lower Columbia river furnished less than 2,000 cases of salmon, while last year the shipment amounted to 641,307 cases, worth upwards of three millions of dollars. Portland's wholesale trade, to which I made reference some time ago as of astonishingly rapid growth, was last year a little more than $53,000,000, or as large as that of the city of Boston thirty years ago. In my last letter I spoke of the enormous extent and great productiveness of the territory tributary to the Columbia River, but I had no figures at hand to bear out the seemingly extravagant statements which were made as generalities, and indulged in because of the magnitude of everything here that is worthy to be talked about at all. These figures, however, coming direct from official resources, and representing the transactions of a single port on the Pacific coast, tell a more astonishing story of the wonderful growth of this inland region, which, be it remembered, is still in its commercial swaddling clothes.

With but three interruptions, and these will soon be removed, the Columbia River is navigable for nearly eight hundered miles from its mouth, coming within 450 miles of the navigable waters of the Missouri and 350 of the Yellowstone While much of the region must inevitably depend upon water transportation alone, the time is not far ahead when the connections by rail will be made between these great crowning points at which water navigation must stop and the iron horse brought into requisition. The Columbia is the draining agency by which a basin 400,000 square miles in extent yields its waters. It seeks the ocean upon a line over which the commerce of the country has its natural channels, and the fleet of steamboats and sail vessels plying upon its bosom is scarcely smaller in number than that upon the Mississippi from St. Louis to St. Paul. Every year the commercial relations with our trans-Pacific neighbors are becoming greater, and already the carrying capacity of the steamers plying between Portland and San Francisco has been found insufficient for the traffic in freight and passengers between these ports Besides this domestic trade, another branch of commerce has sprung up recently by the development of Alaska, the trade of the southern portion of which is now entirely held by Portland. When this territory shall have been organized, this trade, now rapidly growing, will increase to enormous proportions, for it will be the point of attraction for a population that will speedily give an impetus to its now dormant commerce.

A Contrast

From the Marion Independent.

It is a standing charge of the Democrats that the Republicans are "ruining the country." That the the Republicans are corrupt; dishonest; never do anything in the interest of the people, but are always working for some great monopoly. Now if the charges are true, will not the past history of the country prove them to be true? And if true, would not the general prosperity of the government and the people be greater under Democratic rule than under Republican rule? It seems to us that such would be the case. But to the evidence in the case.

For almost fifty years up to 1860 the Democrats ruled the United States. If they were successful in the public management the records should show it

The total wealth of the Nation in 1860 was $16,000,000,000.

The total manufactures in the year 1860 amounted to $1,800,000,000.

There was no sound financial system in existence. A man could hardly tell whether money he got at night would be good in the morning.

The National treasury was empty and the Nation had no credit.

There was a gigantic war left as a legacy by the Democratic party, for the Republican party to fight out

Such was the condition of affairs in 1860. Now turn to the other side of the question and how do we stand?

In 1884 our National wealth is not less than $45,000,000,000.

Our manufactures are not less in 1884 than $5,500,000,000.

Our financial system is the best in the world, and no one fears loss by the breaking of banks.

The National treasury contains $400,000,000 of money. The Nation's credit stands second to no other Nation.

Since the war ended $1,000,000,000 of public debt, caused by a Democratic rebellion, have been paid.

We are at peace with all the world and with ourselves, except where Democrats use shot-guns and revolvers to carry elections.

And when we consider that the 50 years of Democratic rule were mostly years of peace and that over four of the 24 years of Republican rule were years of terrible war, the contrast becomes still more sharply defined.

That the people generally, at this time, and for twenty years past have lived better than during the 50 years of Democratic rule no *old* citizen can truthfully deny. People are better dressed, better fed, better housed, have better carriages, better horses, are better educated, and in short are better off in every way than during Democratic rule.

Probate Court

The last will of Edmund Cone, deceased was admitted to Probate and ordered to be recorded.

Thomas J. Cook was appointed guardian of Andrew J. Henderson, Thomas J. Henderson, Anderson R. Henderson and Elva Henderson. Bond $1000.

John M. Lee and Emily A. Lee were appointed administrators of the estate of George C. Lee, deceased. Bond $21,000.

The last will of Permelia Axline, deceased, was filed and application made to have it admitted to probate. Said application will be heard March 15, 1884, at one o'clock P. M.

The last will of Sprague Bainter, deceased, was filed and application made to have it admitted to probate. Said application will be heard March 18th at one o'clock P. M.

Marriage licenses were issued to Tiverton Beall and Mary Cochran, Elisha T. Swigert and Anna Roberts, S. B. McNeal and Mary A. Price, A. B. Akeroyd and Lucy Kitchens, James S. Stocking and Mary J. K. Freye.

Transfers of Real Estate.

Charles E. Lawrence to Eliza N. Lawrence, quit claim to 180 acres in New Castle tp., for $1000.

John C. Sturts to Edward Martin, 15 acres in Franklin township for $600.

John E. Sturts to Thomas Martin, 9 acres in Franklin township, for $360.

AT OPELIKA, Alabama, Mrs. Harvey drove a butcher knife through her own sister's heart, because her sister had struck Mrs. Harvey's cow with a stick. After this exploit Mrs. Harvey tried to carve her nephew for taking his murdered mother's parts. Mr. Harvey is considered a very sound-minded woman.

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PERSONAL AND POLITICAL.

JOHN C. NEW, the retiring Assistant Secretary of the Treasury, will be succeeded, it is said, by ex-Representative Burroughs, of Michigan.

IT is said the recent decision of the Supreme Court upon the Constitutionality of greenbacks will precipitate the financial question into politics soon. Cranks are already looming up who want to issue sufficient amount to liquidate the National debt.

IN THE current number of Harper's Weekly, George William Curtis says: "The Democratic party has ceased to represent anything whatever but opposition—not opposition upon a principle or a policy, but mere opposition to Republican measures because they are Republican. It is a wholly negative party."

THE Buffalo Courier (Dem.) says of Ohio in the Presidential election: "With the Republican party united and determined any serious attempt on our part to carry Ohio would be a sheer waste of energy." The Courier is only giving voice to the sentiment that very generally prevails throughout the Buckeye State.

JUSTICE FIELD, of the Supreme Court, has been interviewed, and declares that of the Democratic candidates for President, McDonald is the most prominent; but if Tilden had the physical ability he would be the leader. Of Republican candidates he regards Blaine as having the greatest hold up on the popular heart.

A WASHINGTON correspondent of the New York Herald has been nosing around among prominent Republicans at the National Capital, and finds that Sherman and Edmunds are the most prominent candidates among thinking people. A ticket with either at the head would command respect, and would sweep the country.

THE Washington correspondent of the New York World says: "A number of Democrats think it folly to expect to carry Ohio this fall, and no nomination should be made with that object in view. Speaker Carlisle thinks Ohio is naturally a Republican State. The Republicans forget all their differences in a National election. He is in favor of conceding Ohio and making a fight in other States where Democratic success is probable."

GENERAL GRANT, as soon as it was known that the Fitz John Porter bill had passed sent a congratulatory telegram saying: "I congratulate you most heartily upon the result in the Senate." In Utica, N. Y., a Major-General's salute was fired and this telegram sent: "The members of the Fifth Corps, that loved you and you loved so well, are firing a salute in your honor. They feel that Congress has partially righted the great wrong done their old commander."

EX SENATOR SAUNDERS, of Nebraska, speaking of the political sentiment of that State, says: "Arthur stands well—but it is because he has just let things alone and been careful in his appointments. Other Vice Presidents became too ambitious and wanted to do something. He has been wisely content to do as little as possible. If he carries the New York delegation in the convention, he will have a good many more votes than if it is divided against him. I think he is in the lead just now."

THE Cincinnati Enquirer, recognizing the fact that the Solid South will be the most potent influence in the Presidential election, has taken the trouble to test the sentiment of eleven of the States of that section, representing 106 electoral votes, upon the choice of the two parties for President. Letters were published in Monday's Enquirer from Louisana, Tennessee, Delaware, West Virginia, Kentucky, Missouri, Arkansas, Georgia, Mississippi and Maryland, and the result is shown to be a strong current throughout the entire South for the old ticket—Tilden and Hendricks, with Henry B. Payne and McDonnald close in point of popularity. Blaine is first choice among the Republicans.

FROM information received from Washington, D. C., we learn that the President and all his official associates are regular church-going people, and their families share in the religious work and lead in many of the charitable enterprises of that city. President Arthur, Attorney-General Brewster, and Chief Justice Waite are Episcopalians. Secretary Folger, Secretary Frelinghuysen, Postmaster-General Gresham, and Supreme Court Judges Matthews, Bradley, Woods, and ex-Judge Strong are Presbyterians. Secretary Lincoln is a Presbyterian and his wife a Methodist, and they attend these churches alternately. Secretary Teller and wife are active Methodists. Secretary Chandler and Supreme Judge Miller are Unitarians. Gen. Sheridan is a Roman Catholic. The greater part of the Foreign Diplomatic Corps are Roman Catholic, including the British Minister.—[Evangelist.

THE COSHOCTON AGE.

PUBLISHED EVERY SATURDAY

—BY—

J. F. MEEK.

SATURDAY, MARCH 22, 1884.

A FREIGHT train left Wichita, Kansas, last Monday, with thirty-one carloads of corn for the flood sufferers in the Ohio Valley, all donated by Sedgewick county people. Sedgwick county is full of Coshocton county people, in fact, it is almost an Ohio county, and of course they feel a sympathy for their old friends and neighbors of Ohio. All honor to big-hearted Sedgwick.

FROM the Iron Trade Review we learn the following of the damages and losses to the State of Ohio, on bridges, by the recent floods: There were 19 county wooden bridges and 2 iron bridges washed away and destroyed, the aggregate cost of which is $127,500. Clermont, Hamilton, Jefferson and Ross counties lost one bridge each; Coshocton and Pike, two bridges each; Lawrence county three, and Washington county eight, all wooden. Hamilton county also lost one iron bridge, and Columbiana county one. The loss in money to Hamilton county is $48,900; Washington county, $20,000, and Coshocton county, $5,500.

THE British forces are again victorious in the Soudan, and already there is a glimmering of peace ahead. On the morning of the 11th, an engagement occurred between the forces of General Graham and Osman Digna, near Suakim, and the latter was overwhelmingly defeated and his forces routed. Four thousand Arabs were killed and six thousand wounded. The battle was brief but the carnage was terrible. The Arabs fought with the desperation of fanatics, but the scientific warfare of the English was too much for them. In the meantime British forces are quietly awaiting developments before making further move. The British government is at a loss as to what course now to pursue.

A BRITISH crank is causing some stir in New York. He registered in one of the hotels there as "John Smith, the Christ." In an interview with a reporter he said that he was sent on a mission of love. In his language as reported none of the usual evidence of crankism can be found save his one assertion, frequently repeated, that he is "The Christ." He claims to have advised Gladstone and warned that great minister of impending crises, and in every case where his warning was unheeded, disasters have followed. He also claims to have warned Garfield to beware, and that Garfield did not heed his warning, so God sent an angel to instill into Guiteau's mind the idea of shooting the President. He claims to have warned the American Government to desist in their persecuting the Mormons; "not that Mormonism is right," says this new Christ, "but let him that is without sin cast the first stone."

A SOMEWHAT curious story comes from Baltimore. Miss Emily MacTavish, a great beauty and a belle of that city, made a great sensation about a year ago by announcing her intention of taking the Veil and becoming one of the Sisters of the Good Shepherd. It comes out at last that she was prompted to that action on the account of her great aunt, the noted Mrs. Howard, *nee* MacTavish, being the mistress of the Emperor Napoleon of France. This act of one of the family was considered a terrible stain on their name by the MacTavishes, and ever since they have been doing penance. The Empress Eugenie is said to have been very jealous of Mrs. Howard, whose place of death or burial is unknown. Miss Emily MacTavish was a beautiful young lady, twenty years of age, possessed of a large fortune which she gave to the Catholic church on taking the veil.

WHETHER the United States are to regain their former pre eminent rank as a commercial and naval power on the seas, is a question that no American contemplate with indifference. The subject is discussed with marked ability in the North American Review for April, by the Hon. Nelson Dingley, M. C., who opposes the project of admitting foreign built ships to American register, and by Capt. John Codman, who is well-known as a zealous advocate of that measure. Judge J. T. Jameson, in the same number of the Review, discusses the question, "Shall our Civilization be Preserved?" pointing out the means that are at hand for withstanding the various agencies, physical, moral and intellectual, which threaten to overturn our existing civil and social institutions. The Rev. Dr. Philip Schaff gives a sketch of the "Development of Religious Freedom." Dr. Felix L. Oswald writes of "Changes in the Climate of North America," with special reference to the increasing frequency of disastrous floods. Prof. C. A. Eggert offers "A Plea for Modern Languages" in the higher education; and Julian Hawthorne discourses of "Literature for Children." Finally, there is a discussion of "Recent Criticisms of the Bible," by the Rev. Dr. R. Heber Newton and the Rev. A. G. Mortimer.

ANOTHER avenue to the surplus revenue is opened by the appropriation of moneys to stay the ravages of cattle diseases in the West. With the foot and mouth disease in Kansas, the Texas fever in the Southeast, and the pleuro pnuemonia everywhere, the quarantine commission in the several States will have a good deal more than they can do to enforce the provisions of the prospective law. With what holy horror would the fathers of the Republic view this taking money from the National Treasury for such purposes, when they scouted the idea of possessing authority under the Constitution of making internal improvements of any kind in the several States! It really does seem to be a good deal of a stretch of National authority for Congress to go into this animal disease business, but it readily finds reasons for it, and absolute necessity for it, by the action of France and Germany, whose imputation upon the health of American cattle and hogs makes it a National concern. The bill that recently passed the House has been taken up in the Senate, which has reinstated two sections that the House fought over for four days to strike out. The vote in the House shows that the bill could never pass that body with these sections in it, while the vote in the Senate makes it equally certain that it can never get through there with out them, so that Mr. Tucker in the House and Mr. Coke in the Senate may yet be able to kill it with the Constitution.

WITH double-leaded indignation the Cincinnati Enquirer cries out against the opposition in the Democratic ranks to the passage of a graded tax law in place of the Scott law, and declares that "nothing contributed so much to the decisive Democratic victory last October as the assurance that the election of Democratic State officers, and especially a Democratic Legislature, would secure a just, equitable, decent, Democratic adjustment of the tax on the liquor traffic. This is not a time to waste words with fanaticism or dodge the main issue out of deference to a false sentiment." In other words it was by allying themselves with the saloons and breweries that the Democracy were triumphant, and it is rank treason for any Democrat to hang back in the traces when the whisky seller makes a demand upon the party. It matters not if the sentiment of the State is against tinkering with the temperance laws except to make them more stringent; if the moral element is opposed to a graded tax; if the people by a large majority declared in favor of Constitutional prohibition (and they did); these tools of the saloons must disregard their constituents and vote at the dictates of King Caucus and the Gambrinus hosts. Of course there is nothing new in this, It is an old story. It is patent to all that the Democracy of Ohio and the whisky element are cheek by jowl. The Democratic press of the State are outspoken. The people propose to take a hand at an early day and then something will drop on the Democracy. The Legislature may respond to the demands made by the Enquirer and the saloons and by this round about way repeal the Scott law and inaugurate free whisky and no Sunday, but by so doing they will simply dig their political graves. The moral and decent sentiment of the State will never endorse such trickery and alliance with Satan and his hosts.

THE Fitz-John Porter bill passed the Senate last Thursday by a vote of 36 yeas to 25 nays. All the Democrats voted for the bill, and a few Republicans. Senator Logan made an eloquent speech against the bill. The scene was most animated. Every seat in the galleries was occupied and all who could get upon the floor were there. There was no debate, simply three speeches, and during these the Democratic seats were empty, their occupants being in the cloak rooms with their minds made up. During the progress of the vote considerable excitement prevailed, and as the result was announced a cheer went up from the friends of Porter, which was quickly drowned in an overpowering storm of hisses, a scene very much out of place in the Senate Chamber.

An effort has been made to keep the discussion of the bill without the pale of politics, but the final decision shows that the Democrats regarded it as a party measure. The bill as it passed the Senate was slightly amended, and it now goes to the House for its concurrence. It is thought it will be obtained. Since the passage of the bill by the House petitions came pouring in from Grand Army Posts all over the country against its passage, but they were not heeded. Some of the statesmen who voted for it may find difficulty in the future in explaining satisfactorily, to the soldiers, their vote upon the bill. The bill simply puts Porter on the retired list with the rank and pay of colonel, making him no allowance whatever for back pay.

While many are disposed to regard the action as one of justice, it will be remembered that President Lincoln said that Porter should have been taken out and shot instead of having been dismissed from the service.

Mining Accident.

A coal mine in Pocahontas county, Virginia, was the scene of a terrible explosion at 1 o'clock Thursday morning of last week, caused, it is supposed, by one of the miners striking a vein of gas. The mine has been in operation but little over a year, and was doing a very satisfactory business. One hundred and fifty miners were at work at the time of the explosion, and not one is reported as having escaped. Mangled bodies have been discovered, some of which have been identified but most of them are so horribly mangled as to defy recognition. To add to the horrors a fire broke out at the mouth of the mine and adds to the difficulty of rescuing the survivors, if any there be, and of obtaining the bodies of the dead. A large force of persons are at work providing coffins for the dead and trying to enter the mine.

Business is suspended and excitement is high. The miners were mostly foreigners and negroes.

As to Teachers

Says the Newcomerstown Index: "The Canal Dover Reporter of last week copies a list of Coshocton teachers, thirteen of whom are residents of that city, and three non-residents. Of the fourteen teachers of Dover, the Reporter notes that seven are residents of Dover, and seven non-residents. Friend Scott then proceeds to draw the inference that thirteen sixteenths of the Coshocton school money stays at home, while but half of Dover's school funds is distributed through home channels. As a conclusion, he assumes that it would be better to employ home talent."

The Reporter is on the right track. Some years ago the Coshocton School Board resolved that they would not employ teachers from a distance, but invariably give preference to home talent, but the resolution is now without force. We have no criticisms to offer concerning the present very efficient corps of teachers, but there are to be found in this village worthy young men and women—graduates of the High School—who are well qualified to teach the schools, and preference should be given them by the Board.

Plant Trees

Governor Hoadly has proclaimed April 18th Arbor Day, in accordance with a law setting apart one day each year for the planting of trees.

In view of the fact that our census report states that at the rate the forest trees of the United States are being destroyed, they will all be consumed by the year 1900, this day should be an important one. It is also a theory of scientists that the devasting floods of late years are directly chargeable to the destruction of the forests, and also the fierce waves of heat that pass over the land in summer are not entirely unconnected with the annihilation of our beautiful natural protectors.

In view of all this, and also of the pleasures derived from trees and flowers by the lovers of the beautiful, every where it should be by law obligatory upon every man to earnestly observe Arbor Day. It should be a National holiday; all business should be interdicted but the business of planting trees and flowers, for they are surely as much moral educators and physical benefactors as dead-and-gone heroes. They work for us while we sleep, purifying and renovating the atmosphere, restoring the equilibrium of Nature's forces, and in our waking hours elevating our minds. By all means we should observe Arbor Day. Listen what the poet, Whittier, says:

Give fools their gold and knaves their power;
Let fortune's bubbles rise and fall;
Who sows a field or trains a flower,
Or plants a tree is more than all

France and China.

The French have been crowned with victory in their warfare in Cochin China, and have completed the conquest of the delta in Tonquin by the capture of Bac-Ninh. Ever since the assault upon Sontay in December last, the French forces have been awaiting re-inforcements. They arrived last week, and as a result they have been victorious in their assaults, and Bac-Ninh has fallen. The Tribune says of the fall of Bac-Ninh:

"The capture of this stronghold, while it may not be a great achievement in a military sense, is a direct challenge to the Chinese Government. The negotiations between Pekin and Paris have been conducted on each side in a spirit of insincerity, dissimulation and arrogance. Each capital has sought to bully intimidate and deceive the other, and hence every ultimatum which has been put forth has been open to suspicion. The Chinese Government, however, has declared most explicitly that an attack upon Bac-Ninh would be equivalent to a declaration of war. Consequently, if the occupation of the town does not lead to an outbreak of hostilities between the two countries, one of two inferences may be drawn; first, the Chinese have adopted a policy of peace at any price and are unwilling to carry out their threats; or, secondly, a secret understanding exists between Pekin and Paris, whereby France is to have the nominal honor of capturing Bac-Ninh, and China is to be either relieved of the presence of an European army on its land frontier or else protected against assault by special treaties or by the establishment of a neutral zone. Whether there be war or peace with China, the French have been in Tonquin long enough to find out that it is not another India, that its trade can not be made profitable and that the expense of administering the country, of opening roads and canals, and subjugating river pirates and land bandits will be very great. The campaign has ceased to dazzle the eyes of the peasantry at home since it has proved an arduous and costly struggle for a pestilential country that can never be converted into a profitable colony."

Indian Reservations

There is a problem for the future statesmen to deal with which will require more care than the slavery problem, as the right of conflicting races and race questions are involved. We mean the Indian reservation question. Already the question has been sprung by the New York Tribune as to the Sioux Reservation of 48,000 square miles, with a population of 24,000, or two square miles to each Indian. To illustrate this: an area of land larger than the great State of Pennsylvania is given up to the support of a number of people not much larger than the population of Zanesville, or less than 25,000, for their exclusive use, barring railroads in their progress across the continent in any direction, obstructing civilization in its great march, and casuing innumerable vexed questions to come up before the courts yearly for settlement.

A Senate committee now proposes to open strips of country from east to west and from north to south across the country for railroad purposes, carefully guarding the rights of both the Nation and the Sioux. The money arising from the sale of the land to be held in perpetual fund for the use of the Indians, who, in addition, are to receive farming utensils, etc., to a large amount. These strips, not to exceed two, one each way, are to be one hundred miles wide and contain 10,000,000 acres. All this is to be, provided three-fourths of the adults of the tribe consent.

The reservations of the United States altogether aggregate 135,998,101 acres of land, or 212,497 square miles, an area equal to the New England States, the Middle States, Maryland and three-forths of Ohio combined. The number of Indians to this immense area is 265,565, or one Indian, on a average, has nearly a square mile of land allotted to him.

It is evident there can be but one solution, viz.: that all the length and breadth of this land must be owned by citizens. Either the Indian must become a citizen by enfranchisement, and come under the same laws as the whites, or they must be a continual irritation to a Nation which cannot afford to be unjust to a mighty nation, much less to the helpless Indian. They will be an irritation to the poor white citizen who has no land, and an irritation to the patriotic citizen who sees the injustice daily done the Indian, the original owner of the soil, in the name of the great United States.

Southern Democracy.

Readers of THE AGE will remember the Democracy preached by the Okolona States, published at Okalona, Miss., in 1879 and 1880. No one doubted that it expressed the true Southern Democratic sentiment, and if they did, they have since learned they are mistaken. The editor of the States, Will H. Kernan, is still at large, and proposes to start a Democratic paper in St. Louis, to be called the Southern Free Lance. It will be rampant Democratic, a genuine fire-eater, if we are to accept his own statements, because he says it shall be a paper of the old school, a paper that will tell the truth, shame the devil and exhibit Southern sentiment in a proper light. From a special to a daily paper we excerpt:

"The South," said Mr. Kernan, "is not reconstructed. It does not accept the results of the war. It never will, it never can, it never shall, if I can prevent it. The South would be Republican to day, if the niggers were allowed to vote, and when the Northern Democrats and office-seeking Southern Democrats say that the negro is allowed to vote, they lie, and they know they lie. The Southern people are determined that the negro shall not vote. They are right. They tell the truth. I believe in the shotgun and the revolver. I believe in shooting the nigger, if necessary, and the Democratic party believes in it. But the Democracy is cowardly, it is trying to get into power by lying. I want the Democratic party to control this Government, but I want it to carry the country on its platform. Down with the nigger, to hell with the constitutional amendment, to hell with reconstruction! The Democratic cowards in Congress and elsewhere are trying to decieve the North. They say that the Southern people are loyal, that the negroes are enjoying the fullest rights of citizenship, and that the old flag is respected as highly in Mississippi as it is in Boston. It is an infamous, damnable, outrageous falsehood. The Southern people are not loyal; the nigger does not enjoy the fullest rights of citizenship, nor is it intended that he shall, the old flag is spit upon. I expressed the sentiments of the Southern people in the Okalona States. Those cowardly Southern Democrats who have abandoned their principles to secure a few miserable offices, raised the howl, and made the lying charges that I, who have been an consistent, inveterate and uncompromising hater of the Radical party all my life, was in the pay of the Republicans. They were afraid I was telling too much truth and they didn't have the courage to stand by me."

"Will you take the same view of politics here?" asked the reporter.

"Just precisely," replied Mr. Kernan. "The Free Lance will tell the truth and nothing but the truth, so help me God."

Our Weather Prophet

We are to have a nice spring, judging from predictions made by a second Vennor, who hails from Coshocton county, this State, he claiming that about the first of June we will have "two heavy frosts, either of which will be heavy enough to kill the fruit, wheat and early planted corn." Our Coshocton friends should get up a little shooting match and shoot the fool.—[Marion Independent.

Coshocton county has a weather prophet who predicts that in about three months from now there will be two very heavy frosts, either of which will be enough to kill the fruit, wheat and early planted corn, and will be a "sort of second winter." He also says that there will be a great summer drought.—[Cambridge Democrat.

The First Gun in the Democratic Campaign

From the New York Tribune

Mississippi Democracy is already up and about with its coat off and its ears pinned back. It realizes that this is a Presidential year and that the party expects all hands to do their duty. And so, taking time by the forelock, without waiting for the National Convention to name a ticket, it fires the first gun of the Democratic campaign. Jefferson Davis presided at the gun, and the reverberations of its music awakened the greatest enthusiasm. Put down Yazoo county for one of its old-fashioned majorities.

The gun uttered the old familiar sound—that sound so dear to the heart of every true Mississippi Democrat who has been identified with the Mississippi plan of conserving the right of suffrage. "Pardon," said Mr. Davis, "comes after repentance. I have never repented. Were the same to be done again, I would do as I have done." A telegram to the Tribune states that this particular report of the first gun of the Democratic campaign was greeted with "vociferous applause." Of course it was. Mississippi is going to put her best foot forward this year in behalf of a Democratic restoration—just wait and see the official figures of that majority in Yazoo county. Why shouldn't the applause have been "vociferous?" Mr. Davis is a veteran campaign speaker and understands how to arouse and delight his audience as well as the next man. He knew the sentiments of the Mississippi audience that it was given him to address, and he knew, therefore, how to awaken vociferous applause.

It is earnestly to be hoped that no Republican newspaper will take occasion to criticise this first gun of the Democratic campaign, saying, for instance, that Jefferson Davis's remarks were enough to cause every sour apple tree in the country to sigh as it reflected upon an unfulfilled prophecy. For criticism of that sort will be greeted by Democratic newspapers with vociferous indignation as a dastardly attempt to wave the bloody shirt. To spout treason is not to wave that garment. But to denounce the spouting is to wave it.

This, however, is wide of our present purpose. We simply desire to call attention to an interesting piece of political news. The Democratic National campaign has been formally opened. Mississippi has already evinced her determination to earn the proud title of the banner Democratic State. That Yazoo county majority is certain to be a bouncer.

THE Toronto Legislature passed a bill last week to allow widows and spinsters who hold property to vote at municipal elections.

NOTES BY THE WAYSIDE.

YELLOW FEVER is raging in Mexico.

SOME of the Pan-Handle trains have electric lights.

NIHILISTS are again getting up a scare in Europe.

ILION, N. Y., has a newspaper printed by electricity.

FOURTEEN counties of Ohio border on the Ohio River.

THE Shawnees are still on a strike, but the Nelsonville miners have gone to work.

HENRY A TILDEN, brother of the noted, notable and notorious Samuel J. Tilden, is dead.

A NEW invention is the dynamite cannon, and it is more terrible than the Gatling gun.

GEORGE HAMMOND, in the Ohio penitentiary, has been pardoned, but refuses to leave until cured of a disease contracted in the prison.

A DETROIT man has bequeathed $5,000 to Josh Billings Eli Perkins and Artemus Ward's mother, and his widow is contesting the will. Funny.

HENRY STANLEY is still at work in Africa discovering rivers, etc. He recently discovered an affluent to the Congo.

THERE was an explosion of gas in the furnace of the Edgar Thompson steel works at Pittsburgh, killing one man and injuring two.

THERE is talk of building another Union depot at Columbus for the accommodation of roads entering that city from the southeast.

THERE will be trouble over the surplus of flood money contributed by public and private contributions. Some fraud will get it in the general scramble.

JOHN RAUTSONG and John Marshall, of Montgomery county, were digging a trench through a sand hill 20 feet deep, the sand tumbled in upon them and buried them alive. Both suffocated.

THE Mississippi is jealous of the reputation of her handmaid, the Ohio, and is now boiling with rage. Fears are entertained of a repetition of the Ohio Valley horrors in the Mississippi Valley.

THE Pennsylvania jury that let the murderer Dukes go free, which led to the tragedy that followed, are now trying suits for damages and slander against the Uniontown papers. They ought to be given another dose.

HENRY RUHL, a Springfield Huckster, was knocked down last Saturday night while unharnessing his horse, and mortally wounded. While he was unconscious the perpetrator went through his pockets and robbed him.

AN INTOXICATED farmer of Fostoria, by the name of George Brough, entered an eating saloon, tried to swallow an ounce and and a half of beef without chewing, and choked to death before medical assistance could arrive.

WESTON, the leggy man, 1st Saturday, finished, at London, England, his 5000th mile. He has traveled for 100 days making 50 miles per day, delivering temperance lectures. The temperance people of London will give him an ovation.

PRISONERS from the Columbia City, Indiana, jail to the number of seven escaped, by using dynamite, the jailer was away from home at the time. One of the prisoners was Butler, the Columbus man who shot and killed his wife at Princeton, Ind., last summer.

THE Salvation Army had a real battle in Cleveland, with a party of about forty roughs. The army, six strong, stood up like men, but were worsted. The police judge before whom the case was brought, sent the leader of the roughs to the workhouse for thirty days.

COL. CASH, the South Carolina murderer, and the man who is assisting his son, another murderer, to defy the authorities, was released last week on bail, and the people gave him a grand reception. It is in order now for the devil to go to South Carolina and hold a reception.

AT STEUBENVILLE a colored rough was interfered with by a white man, D. C Hilliger, for teasing a country man. The rough struck Hilliger with a skillet and ran away. A policeman gave chase and shot the rough after calling him to stop. The colored man died almost instantly.

CHRISTIAN H. SEMMER, an Akron thief, was arrested at Baltimore, last Saturday, after seven months' visit in "der Faderland." He stole a large amount of money from a room presumably to pay expenses of a homeward trip. He is also wanted at Cuyahoga Falls, Summit county.

HORACE SINGLETON, a colored man of Cairo, Ill., was viciously attacked by three colored women, on the street, who tried to show their undying love and affection for him by trying to kill him. He had a hatchet and his strenuous objections to crossing the dark river saved his life, but the probabilities are that one of the women will take his place in the ferry boat on short call.

THE first case under Crowell's Civil Rights law, is on trial at Columbus before the Supreme Court. J. H. Ballard a colored railway mail clerk, claims he was refused admittance to an entertainment in the restaurant of John Eichenlaub in that city. The colored people of Columbus are considerably excited over the affair.

THE Adjutant General issued March 15th, an order for a Court Martial in Cincinnati on All Fools Days, to try Capt. Richard Schape, Company F, First Regiment, and Corporal C. O. Hastings, of the Second Battery, O. N. G., on the charge of embezzlement of funds in their respective companies.

THE Indians of Poplar River Agency are reported naked and starving, and aid is called for. The Government has appropriated money for the Indians, but "red tape" will cause many a poor mortal to die before the money due them reaches them. The citizens of this country still still owe the Indians, an immense debt. Why not send them some of surplus flood fund?

AT NORWALK, O., Mrs. Blinzley is under arrest for cruelty to an adopted girl, Maggie Montgomery. The woman is charged with using a hot poker in punishing the child. The girl's skull is fractured and her scalp loose presumably on account of hair pulling. Her feet are seared either from burning or freezing. Threats of lynching the whole Blinzley family are freely expressed.

TILLER, the thief who captured $125,000 from the Pacific Express at St. Louis, was arrested at Milwaukee, March 13th. He was dressed as a tramp, and had his plans worked he would not have been arrested at all. George McFadden, an accomplice, was arrested at Sherman, Texas, the same day. Tiller confessed. He could afford to, as he has $25,000 somewhere unaccounted for.

A DASTARDLY brute, James Robinson, of Bloomington, Ind., was sentenced to 21 years in the State prison for the murder of a helpless three-year-old step-son, three years ago. He murdered the step-son with the concurrence of the mother. He attacked the child with a paling, then murdered it slowly by acts that Satan himself would repudiate. That man ought to hung every Friday and resurrected again throughout eternity.

MRS CATHERINE KEFF, a German woman of Dayton, O., murdered her seventeen-year old daughter seventeen years ago. On her death-bed she made confession to her son but bound him to keep it a secret until he was on his death-bed, but it leaked out, and reporters bulldozed the son in telling the secret. Several innocent men narrowly escaped lynching at the instigation of the murderous old hag at the time the crime was committed in '67.

NASHVILLE, Tennessee, comes to the front with a characteristic Southern affair. E. S. Wheat, of that city, was shot dead by his father-in-law, Wm. Spence, last week, on account of business troubles. It was a cowardly act, as Wheat was shot in the back without warning, and at the inquest no weapon of any kind was found on his person. Spence will be taken to jail and kept for three days, after which a public dinner will probably be given in his honor, as a typical, brave Southern man, "begard, sah."

SAMUEL MCDANIEL, a Georgia man, plowed up a jug of brandy, last week. He drank himself drunk. At dinner his mother alarmed at his long absence went in search of him, and found him asleep under his plow with the jug in his embrace. She awoke him and as he lifted the jug he noticed it was very heavy. On searching the cause they discovered 1900 five dollar gold pieces, making $9,500, which had been buried by McDaniel's grandfather.

A STRANGE case is reported from Egypt, Venango county, Pa. It is that of a eight-year-old boy who is claimed to have died every day in the last month. From sunrise to sunset he enjoys the best of health, but at dusk he losses all sensation and feeling his body becomes rigid and his flesh as pliable as wax. The pricking of a pin or the application of a strong galvanic current has no effect upon him. The impress of finger prints on his flesh will remain as in clay or wax. Whooping cough is said to be the origination of this wonderful state of life and death.

MR. W. L. MALLORY, of Avondale, Hamilton county, O., fell dead Monday, March 10, in a railroad car in Cincinnati, poisoned by tobacco smoke from deadly cigarettes, villainous cigars and nauseous pipes. The car was so full of smoke that it rendered the air so putrid that two other men fainted before the car could be thoroughly ventilated. The train had no smoking car. Mr. Mallory was in robust health on entering the car, but subject to heart troubles. The smoke brought on the troubles, and the other two men fainted in sympathy it is averred.

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THE COSHOCTON AGE.

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—BY—

J. F. MEEK.

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This paper will not be sent to subscribers outside of the county unless paid for in advance.

MR L. A. PARRISH, of Washington township, has been employed by THE AGE to assist in the local editorial work, and act as solicitor. Any favors that may be extended by patrons and well wishers of this paper will be appreciated by him and by the publisher.

SENATOR SHERMAN voted against the Fitz-John Porter bill.

SENATOR VEST, leader of the Democracy in Missouri, has declared hostility to Payne, and there is consternation in the coal oil camp.

FREE whisky and no Sunday is Northern Democracy; terrorism by the aid of the shot gun and bludgeon is Southern Democracy. Shall the people submit to the rule of such forces?

SENATOR JOHN SHERMAN'S name at the head of the National Republican ticket would inspire confidence in business circles, and would be a guarantee that success would follow in November.

SUSAN B. ANTHONY declares if Ben Butler should be elected President she is ready to die, but until that time she wants to stick to old mother earth. God bless the old girl, she will shrivel and shrink away to a living skeleton if she awaits that time.

OF THIRTY leading Democrats in Northern Ohio interviewed upon their choice for President, twenty-nine declared for Payne, with the remainder scattered among Hancock, Boyard, Tilden and McDonnald. Payne in an interview declares he is not a candidate and has no political ambition.

WITH great display the Democrats of the Legislature some three weeks ago resolved to adjourn on March 17th, but St. Patricks' day in the mornin' has come and gone, and still the patriots are there monkeying with the liquor tax buzz saw, and no nearer a solution than they were two months ago.

CONGRESS has been in session three months and one-half, and not a single appropriation bill is through both Houses. Gab is the principal thing, and business interests suffer therefrom. The prediction is made by Mr. Holman, of Indiana, the great Democratic objector, that Congress will not adjourn before August.

IN 1880 there were three leading candidates to be presented to the National Republican Convention, and many Republicans who declared they would not vote for certain men, if nominated. In 1884 there appears to be a great diversity of opinion, but one and all declare themselves ready to vote for the nominee. There is victory in the air.

THE Newcomerstown Index copied from the Reporter a description of the Brehmer murder and gave us the proper credit. THE COSHOCTON AGE copied the same from the Index and did not give the proper credit.—[Iron Valley Reporter.

Beg pardon, Brother Scott. It was an oversight on our part, and we had intended ere this to say that the credit was due the Reporter, and not the Index, as it appeared in our columns.

SECRETARY LINCOLN is said to have declared he would resign his position as Secretary of War rather than appoint Fitz-John Porter to a position in the Army, under the act of Congress. Secretary Lincoln is familiar with the course of Porter and entertains profound respect for the opinions of his father on the treason of Porter, and his stand is perfectly proper. It is safe to say the soldiers of the country do not endorse the restoration of Porter, but do endorse the sentiments uttered by President Lincoln when he said Porter should have been taken out and shot.

THERE is a faint Democratic wail going up over the country for the nomination of the old ticket, the reason assigned being that the "fraud of '76," so called, would make a splendid issue. By all means give us the old ticket. Nothing would please the Republicans better than to talk of the "fraud," and Tilden's efforts to buy up two or three Southern States. With cypher telegrams and shot-gun and bludgeon, disfranchisement of the negroes, and general distrust of the party of treason and spoils, there would not be better fun than knocking out the old fraud in the second round as completely as he was in the first.

SENATOR BAYARD has introduced a resolution providing for a constitutional amendment, making gold and silver coin the only money to which the government can give a legal tender value. This grows out of the recent decision of the Supreme Court. The amendment meets with general favor, and party lines are not drawn. It is regarded as dangerous to allow government power to make greenbacks a legal tender under all circumstances, as it may impair the credit of the Nation abroad; and if a panic should occur, the popular clamor for the issuing of more paper money would be such that it could not be withstood. The adoption of the amendment, it is believed, would not interfere with existing currency, because being payable in gold they would be readily received.

AS THE Morrison Tariff bill is discussed and its features brought out, it is more and more apparent that it is a bastard measure, and that the efforts of the Democratic House are not to reform the tariff, but the sole aim is to create campaign thunder. The Morrison bill as introduced meant something, perhaps; but it has been pared and patched and scraped and doctored until it means nothing. The fact is the Democratic party is all split up on the tariff question. Some are free traders, some high protectionists, and still others occupy a middle ground; but the diversity of opinion is so great that no proper solution can be made by the House, nor can it ever be accomplished in a Presidential year. Next fall a Republican Congress will be chosen, and when they take the reins there will be a probability of an equitable solution of this troublesome question being evolved. For the present it should be let alone, because nothing is now done in sincerity.

THEY kill negroes in Ohio for the purpose of selling their bodies to the Medical Colleges for dissection, and in Massachusetts they occasionally tan their skins. This is nearly as bad as they do in Copiah, Mississippi. It, however, is putting the negroes to a bad use in a political point of view, for very little capital can be made of them when killed north of Mason and Dixon's line.—[Democrat.

This is one way of dodging. The Democrat knows that there was no more political connection with the killing of the negroes in Cincinnati, whose bodies were turned over to the Medical College, than there was in the crime of Ept, in Coshocton a few years ago But the reverse is true of Copiah county, and in all the Southern outrages during political campaigns. The Democracy down there make a practice of killing negroes for political purposes, and one of the leaders recently told an investigating committee that if ever Grant should be sent down there for political purposes he would receive similiar treatment. It is well enough for the Democrat to make light of these political crimes, but it does not detract from their magnitude; nor does it deceive the people, as it will learn to its sorrow before this time next year.

CONCERNING the foot and mouth disease in cattle, now prevalent in Kansas and Texas, and to prevent the spread of which Congress is asked to make an appropriation, a Newark correspondent writes the Cincinnati Commercial-Gazette:

The people of Kansas are probably unnecessarily alarmed as to the danger to be apprehended from the foot disease that has appeared in some localities in that State. In the months of February and March, 1846, this disease—then called the "foot ail"—was very prevalent in the northeastern portion of Ohio, especially in Portage county, and created much alarm and considerable loss to the darymen of that section; many losing twenty, and even thirty, per cent. of their herds. The disease was not thought to be contagious, but attributed to an unusual quantity of ergot in the hay, especially in that made from orchard grass. This was the generally accepted theory as to the cause of the disease, and it was confidently predicted that it would disappear with the beginning of the grazing season, as it did. Three or four weeks will bring grass in Kansas and end the foot disease. The normal condition of the appetite in the diseased cattle was one of the peculiarities of the disease at that time, as it is now. The writer remembers in one instance, when a favorite horse was the victim, that the animal stood and ate its food with apparent relish after both of the forward hoofs had sloughed off.

WHAT is known as the Pruden jury bill is now a law. It is a measure long needed and one that meets the approval of law abiding people throughout the State. Jury trials have become farcical, and the passage of this law will to a large extent, it is believed, overcome this, and administer justice with a stern, but impartial hand. Under the old law the criminal was given the power to peremptorily object to 22 jurors, which allowed him to practically choose his own jury, and the result was often seen in the acquittal of men deep dyed in crime and worthy of the severest punishment. Under the new law the prisoner is only allowed eight peremptory challenges. Another feature of the old jury law was that intelligent men were often excluded from juries simply because they had read the newspapers and thereby formed an opinion. The new law provides thus:

If a juror has formed or expressed an opinion as to the guilt or innocence of the accused, the Court shall thereupon proceed to examine such juror upon oath as to the grounds of such opinion, and if such juror shall say that he can render an impartial verdict notwithstanding such opinions, and if the Court is satisfied that such juror will render an impartial verdict on the evidence, may admit him as competent to serve in such case as a juror.

The new law is a righteous measure and will restore confidence in our courts. Under its provisions no honest man will suffer, and the criminal will receive proper punishment.

The North Pole Expedition.

The North Pole must be a greased pole; at least it is a very slippery object, as it has cost millions of dollars and hundreds of lives, and still that dream of ambitious navigators is unrealized. Yet some Columbus of the Twentieth Century may, by pluck and perseverance, win the coveted honor of first gazing upon the mysterious main which surrounds the Northern Pole.

The search for the Jeannette, which started three years ago to explore its frozen solitudes, has cost the United States Government over $270,000. The heaviest outlay was caused by the fitting out, and subsequent loss of the Rodgers, for which an appropriation of $175,000 was made, of which, however, $19,444.48 still remains unexpended. Then followed an expense of $20,000 for officers and crew of the North Star, which in turn went to search for the Rodgers. The sum of $3,000, or its equivalent, was given the friendly natives around St. Lawrence Bay, who took care of the shipwrecked crew. Then $25,000 was spent in searching for Lieut. Chipp, and for bringing Lieut. Commander DeLong home, his body reaching New York two weeks ago. The expenses of Danenhower's homeward trip; the court of inquiry; pensions to the survivors; repairs to different ships, etc., foot up $274,290.80, with a bill of probably $2,000 yet to hear from.

Republican Conventions -A Suggestion

Elsewhere appear calls for Republican Conventions—county and district—and we desire to direct special attention to the same, and urge upon all Republicans to make arrangements to attend the primaries and see that a full delegation is present.

The district convention is to select delegates to the Republican National Convention at Chicago and one person to serve as a Presidential Elector. The county convention is to select five delegates and five alternates to the State Convention at Cleveland, and twenty-seven delegates to the district convention to be held in Coshocton, Thursday, April 17.

This is all the call is for, and is the decision of the Committee; but we desire to make a suggestion. Let the county ticket be nominated by this convention and a thorough organization made. There is nothing to be gained by waiting. The life of the Republican party in State and Nation has been in its aggressiveness, and what is good for the party at large will be good for it in this county. In years past it has been the custom to nominate a ticket later in the season, after the Democratic ticket had been named, but there has never been any particular benefit derived therefrom. By the nomination of a ticket now it will demonstrate that the party has nothing to fear from the opposition; that we are not resting on our oars, awaiting mistakes from the other side; but that we are aggressive, that we are going in to win, and will thereby inspire confidence. By the nomination of a ticket now an organization can be better accomplished, and life at once infused in the campaign.

This suggestion is offered for what it is worth, and we believe if it is accepted it will be for the benefit of the party.

In the meantime the Republicans of the townships should awake to the importance of the coming compaign, and select their most active and influential men to serve as Committeemen.

Though Coshocton county has been treading in the dark and doleful path of Democracy for many years, there is no reason why the Republicans should not make an earnest effort to, if not win the day, at least reduce the majority, and this can be done by united effort.

WM MCKINNEY, of Knoxville, Tenn., got drunk, abused his child, and because his wife interferred he downed her and choked her. She then and there settled a score of long standing for similar abuses, by shooting him through the heart. That's a temperance law with the right kind of a penalty.

The Political Duty of Farmers.

In the current number of the Farmers' Home Journal, "W" writes upon the above subject, and draws some sensible conclusions. He says there is a wide spread distrust among farmers because of their interests being neglected by our legislators—State and National—and for this the farmers are alone responsible. The nomination of candidates and the entire management of political affairs are left wholly to men whose interests are other than agricultural, and as one of the results we find that the Congress of the United States—composed of 401 members—has but one farmer. He agrees that the agricultural interests represent three-fifths of the population and pay two-thirds of the taxes; yet owing to the apathy shown by farmers in the management of public affairs, three-fifths of the people paying two-thirds of the taxes, are represented in the public counsels of the Nation by one man. This can be overcome, however, and he points out the plan:

Let the farmers, then, when political conventions are called, see that some of the candidates put in nomination for the various offices, are men engaged in agriculture. See that you are fairly represented by such men holding office in the county, in the district, in the State. If the party to which you belong refuses or fails to nominate such men and the other party does make such nominations, cast aside your political prejudices, sacrifice your political opinions to such an extent as will cause you to support and vote for them. When such men are nominated don't stop to inquire whether they possess great oratorical powers; don't ask if they are capable of making flowery speeches; don't ask if they have graduated from some law college, or have been admitted to the bar as legal practitioners. A sufficient guaranty to you of their qualifications shall be to know that they are honest men, that they are men of good sense and good judgment, that their education is sufficient to transact the business pertaining to agriculture and that they are men who are interested in that occupation.

When you succeed in getting the offices under the government, especially in the legislative department, filled with the number of such men that your numbers and the importance of your occupation entitle you to have, then, and only then, may you expect laws to be enacted to fully protect your interests. Then, and only then, can you hope to have your wrongs redressed; then, and only then, can you hope to have the cause of your present complaints removed.

Australia

Americans generally have but a faint idea of the magnitude of Australia. They know that it is a province of England, and that its mines and sheep husbandry are noted, but further than this there is but little understood. Robert Dixon, member of Parliment from Australia, is now in the United States on a business trip, and in an interview with a reporter of a daily newspaper, laid bare some facts that are of more than ordinary interest. We summarize: The number of sheep in Australia in 1882 was 76,493,000 head. Of cattle there were 8,429,448. The product of the sheep goes mostly to England, although there are American buyers; but the wool that is shipped to America is of a kind that is not produced here—a very fine merino. Experiments show that the better grades of American merinos—the Vermonters—will not do well in Australia, although some fine rams have been sold there at $1000 per head. The Australian rams, however, sell for much greater prices, some of them bringing as high as $18,000. Much attention is paid to the breeding of horses and cattle. Some of the best horses the world has ever known are bred there, and the cattle trade is assuming vast proportions, steam ships with refrigerators running regularly between Melbourne and London supplying the market of the latter with frozen Australian beef. The condition of climate and soil is such that wheat is produced readily, but the greatest attention is paid to stock raising and as a result Australia is an importer of grain instead of an exporter.

In the past few years, by the introduction of improved machinery, mining has taken an increased impetus and the out come is as great as it was in the early days of the gold excitement. The interview closes thus:

"Australia has made progress at a marvellous rate. The advance is due chiefly to the development of the rail way system, which has brought under the plow, or covered with sheep and cattle, land which was formerly idle. Probably the best test of the prosperity of the country may be found in the values given for real estate on the principal streets of the two metropolitan cities, Sidney and Melbourne. The commercial part of Sidney is somewhat cramped, taking the shape of a peninsula like New York City, and having no room for lateral extension. In George street, land has been sold at $7,000 per front foot. In Melbourne the business is distributed over a large area, and individual blocks do not realize so much. The most desirable sites in Collins street are valued at $5,000 a front foot."

With prosperity such as is here outlined, it will not be long before the progressive people of Australia will throw off allegiance to the crown, refuse to be longer a province of England, and become the Republic of Australia.

In 1885.

The Presidential battle will soon be on. The drift at present is all one way. There is victory in the air for the Republicans. Next March a Republican President will be inaugurated. Ohio proposes to do her share towards electing that President. Always loyal to the party of ideas and progress, always casting her electoral vote for the Republican candidate, since the organization of the party, she will keep straight to the mark of right and achieve honor in 1884 by doing as she has done in the past.

On National issues Ohio can always be depended upon. But that is not all. Ohio is fitting herself to be depended upon in State issues. The Democratic Legislature and the atitude of the saloonists is fast driving the people to but one conclusion: the saloons must go. The whisky men have set themselves up as dictators, and the Democratic party are bowing the sycophantic knee of obedience thereto. The moral element of the State will not sit idly by and see the saloons rule. This year, during the heat of the more important contest, the temperance question may not be a leading theme; but look out for squalls in 1885. The people are aroused, and they are determined to wipe out these moral cancers. The politicians may not like this, but it is nevertheless true. Whisky and Democracy go hand in hand. Morality and Republicanism are handmaids, traveling the pleasant paths of truth and good government. The logic of the situation demands but one course—only leaves one plan to be pursued—the nomination of a candidate for Governor in 1885 who is as firm as the rock of truth upon the great question of the control or destruction of the saloons. This might be done in 1884, but we believe one more year of agitation and one more session of a Democratic Legislature will better fit the people for the conflict.

Timid people who love temporary party success more than they do the right, may decry this; but it will not change the situation. The question has come to stay and there is no dodging it, the desires of the slippery politician to the contrary, notwithstanding.

In this connection we make an extract from a pungent article in the current number of the Independent, by Daniel Dorchester, D. D.

The greatest and best forces of modern society are gradually and steadily marshaling themselves against the dramshops, and pointing to its coming indictment as a nuisance, a reprobate, and an outlaw.

We shall not reach this point at once. There will be stout and fierce resistance, and delays. But we are advancing toward it. Indiscreet reformers may embarrass the work; politicians may hinder us; secretly indulged appetites may weaken the action of some; spasms of timidity may distract others; but there are too many great forces at work, direct and indirect, human and divine, to allow the defeat or long postponement of the ultimate result

The indictment has been drawn up. The case is on trial. The index finger of the century points to the coming verdict. The witnesses are testifying with clearness and emphasis. The great and beneficent agencies of the times all appear against it Civilization declares there is nothing in the dramshop which society can afford to cherish; medical science, that it sees nothing in it to approve, but much to condemn; political economy, that it finds nothing in it that it can endorse; civil jurisdiction, that it can be vindicated by no such principles of law; pure philanthopy, that she cannot tolerate the prolific source of the woes she seeks to palliate; and Christianity proclaims her stern condemnation of the dramshop as "the giant crime of crimes against humanity." The coming verdict is that the broad and sacred seal of the commonwealth must neither protect nor sanction the dramshop.

In this connection we desire to make a prophecy: The Republican candidate for Governor of Ohio in 1885 will be outspoken in his opposition to the saloons, and will be triumphantly elected. It is a question bound to win, and one the Republican party will champion.

If there are Republicans who do not endorse such views, they had better prepare to go over into the camp of the beer bosses, because they will either have to be converted or be mighty lonesome in the Republican fold.

The Pan Handle Prospering.

According to a report laid before the stockholders of the Pan Handle Railroad Company this week, the last year's gross earnings amount to $4,623,740, an increase of $408,817 over last year. Freight has increased 10 per cent. passengers 6 per cent. Operating expenses, $3,087,465, an increase of $256,466. Net earnings per mile, $23,215, an increase of $2,024. The cost of motive power has increased $311,407 or 115 per cent. The net earnings are $1,536,275, and total revenue $1,545,059, an increase of $141,199.

On all the branches the earnings increase with one exception—that of the Little Miami division—which shows a decrease in gross earnings of $26,444.

A great improvement in its facilities, depots, new track, etc, have absorbed a great deal of money, yet stockholders have no reason to grumble at the dividends.

The Cannon Ball Line.

WARSAW, March 17.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE AGE:—Your readers are generally anxious to learn anything that concerns the proposed Wheeling, Coshocton & Mt. Vernon Railroad. With your permission I will report the condition in this locality. From Warsaw to the Knox county line on the south side of the river, and south to the Bedford township line, almost every farmer is represented by a subscription of from $100 to $500 each, according to the size of their farms. North of the river has not done quite so well, nor has it been so thoroughly canvassed; but those not represented on the books are being gathered up, and in a few days it is believed we shall have from three to four miles on either side of the road represented by subscriptions, down to the Simons run on the south side of the river, and the Beaver Run on the North. At these two points we met difficulty; not in any unfriendliness to the road; but, some with one excuse, and others with quite different excuses. They don't think it their duty to subscribe. Their number is not large, as some of the Simons Run folks have subscribed liberally, as for example, James Sharpless, $400; Cyrus Elder, $300, (notwithstanding a free right of way to the Dresden branch) Wm. Farquhar, $200; others with reasonable amounts. But some six or eight of the best farmers in the county are not yet represented. We fully believe they will be, or the most of them, the coming week, as several of the parties have promised to subscribe. When that is done we can see our way clear to come up with an amount that we think will justify any capitalist in taking the company's bonds. But until that is done we seem to be almost compelled to stand still. Many that have signed from one to two or three hundred dollars have promised to double up as soon as the fine farms referred to are represented by decent subscriptions. We have no doubt now but that will be all shaped up in the very near future.

The Bethlehem township men have done fairly well on the north side of the river. But on the south side, so far as your correspondent knows, they have done nothing. But when the work is cleared up down to them, it is believed they too will do their full share. We have not got the books all footed up, but from what has been done, and what we know can be done in New Castle, Tiverton, Jefferson, Bedford, Monroe and Bethlehem townships, we feel satisfied we can meet the expectations of the officers of the Company.

The question is, What are Coshocton and Roscoe, Jackson and Franklin townships going to do? Of course everybody knows that if they don't come up with a liberal subscription they will get no road. And for the most obvious reason. The Company cannot build it without their aid. Will they get it?

We in the west part of the county want to come to the county seat at least once a year to pay taxes and pay the printer.

So far as our wheats stock and produce are concerned, we should very much like to send it by way of Coshocton But in the very near future we shall have the Dresden branch, then Zanesville and Millersburgh will practically be nearer to us than our county seat. Perhaps Coshocton will not miss the trade brought her from the west half of the county; but if she does miss it, please bear in mind that we did our full share towards getting a road to the county seat, and it is not our fault that we failed. The west half of the county will do her full share.

If we are compelled to ship our goods from Cleveland, Millersburgh and Zanesville, and send our produce to these places, it might be well to ask the Legislature for a special act to allow us to pay taxes in Muskingum or Holmes county. Then, Mr. Editor, your bill for the payment of THE AGE could be settled through the First National Bank of Warsaw, for rest assured a Nantional Bank will be required at Warsaw just as soon as the Dresden branch is complete, if we have no road to Coshocton.

Now, Mr. Editor, this may be a pleasant picture for your people, but it is not so for the people up the Walhonding. We want to come to the fair, soldiers' reunions and many other things. But you will compel us to build large hotels, banks, start our own fair, and all that kind of thing, which would be entirely useless with a railroad to the county seat.

Excuse the length of this article and in my next report I will make it very short. Very truly yours, P.

NEIGHBORHOOD NOTES.

BARNESVILLE has a female burglar.

CAMBRIDGE raised $941.23 flood fund.

GUERNSEY county has 14 Republican candidates for Sheriff.

J. L. BLANDY, the portable engine man of Zanesville, is dead.

THE wife of police officer John Hamilton, of Newark, is dead.

ISAAC CORY WOOD, an original Abolitionist, of Springfield, Ohio, is dead.

DRESDEN has named its G. A. R. Post the "Lewis Cass," in honor of that old hero and politician.

MARQUIS CARTER, living near Dresden, had his left leg broken by a log sled which fell upon it.

FRANK G. WARDEN has been commissioned Captain of Newark Guards, Co. G, 17 Reg., O. N. G.

THE aqueduct of the Ohio canal at Newark gave way and drained the waters of that level into Raccoon Creek.

A HOLMES county saloonist is in trouble. He paid off Uncle Sam for allowing him to sell, but failed to settle with Bro. Scott, and the assessor is after him.

MR. LEONARD STUMP, of Muskingum county, near Nashport, has been appointed Superintendent of the Ohio canal from Licking Reservoir to Roscoe.

INCENDIARISM is abroad in Licking county. It is said that the residence of Jeremiah Wilson, at Hebron, in that county, was fired by an incendiary. Loss, $5,000.

A STEUBENVILLE man Benjamin Johnson, in a somnambulistic trance, fell from the second story hotel window, broke his shoulder, two ribs, injured his spine and awoke.

A BRAKEMAN named Heckfell fell from the cars at Clay Lick, near Newark, last Monday night, and had his arm mashed and his thigh terribly mutilated. He cannot recover.

THE grave and skeleton found in Tuscarawas county, and noted in last week's AGE, proves to be the almost forgotten relics of William Anderson, an old pioneer of that county.

JAMES BRENNAN, of Dresden, a butcher, and crippled from a sprained foot, fell in front of Charles Schumacher's grocery on last Friday, and broke the thigh of his sprained limb.

POST MISTRESS NIVI Huston, of Millersburg, filled her father's unexpired term of office under Grant, was reappointed by Hayes, and has been again reappointed by Arthur. Pretty well for a little woman.

AN odd accident occurred at Napoleon, O. W. J. Mann, on opening his gate, slipped and fell with his neck between two pickets of the fence, and being unable to extricate himself, died before help could arrive.

A LITTLE two year old son of Mr John Deifel, of Delaware, O., fell into a bucket of hot water and was scalded so that the flesh fell from the bones when his clothing was removed. There is no hope of his recovery.

FRANK DEFFENBAUGH, of Zanesville, a watch repairer, skipped out from that city last week, and in order to keep posted on the time he took all the watches that had been left for repairs, some twenty in all. He is used to the trick

FOURTEEN or fifteen tramps have been blessing Uhrichsville with their presence, and were permitted to lodge in the calaboose by the officers, but they were turned out because they stole coal from the neighbors. They then raided the town.

BURGLARS last Monday night raided the safe of the Exchange Hotel at New Philadelphia, and carried off the proprietor's gold watch and chain, together with several hundred dollars in money, which were all seemingly securely locked in the safe.

THURSDAY night the works of T. B. Townsend & Co., of Zanesville, burned to the ground. The works were manufacturing pressed bricks, and situated on Water Works Hill. Loss $2000, fully insured, and one hundred men are thrown out of employment.

A NEWCOMERSTOWN man, Mr. Adam Miller, a prominent citizen, is the hero of a narrow escape from a horrible death. He fell from a train and it passed over him, he hugging the ground for dear life. His clothes were partially torn from his body, and his coat buttons torn off.

DURING the storm of Wednesday night the barn of Wash Miller, near Newark, was struck by lightning, and, with its contents, destroyed Two valuable horses, a large amount of grain and machinery were destroyed, amounting to $2000; insurance, $500. March lightning is as bad as March gales

EX-STATE SENATOR ROBERT JUSTICE, of Millersburg, celebrated his 75th birthday at that little city last Saturday. He is a staunch old Democrat, very popular among young and old. He has held township and county offices without number, and appears to be good for the beginning of next century.

Notes by the Wayside.

THERE were 2,261 battles fought during the late civil war.

MEEK, of THE COSHOCTON AGE, has been at it again, and reported the proceedings of the Coshocton County Farmer's Institute in full. The report fills twenty two columns of THE AGE. That is enterprise.—[Wadsworth Advance.

A NOTED Michigan forger, J. W. Pugsley, tried the insanity dodge with such success that he is now in reality a raving maniac. He only did it at first to keep out of prison, he does it now because he can't help it.

W. C. GREENLEAF, of Jamul, California, is to be congratulated in five chapters. In one day his wife presented him with a bouncing 12 pound boy, his cow had twin calves, a sow littered eight pigs, a turkey hatched fifteen eggs and an old hen brought ten chicks as her share. Next.

A LOUISVILLE man by the name of Daniel Kessler, an aged German, committed suicide by hanging himself to a grape arbor a week ago. His son saw him at 5 a. m., and supposing him to be a burglar, shot him. When it was light he found he had shot the corpse of his own father. Young Kessler is a barber.

AT Chatanooga, Tennessee, one day last week, the baggage master was handling baggage he noticed a horrible stench arising from one of the boxes addressed to R. F. Wallace, Clinton, Tenn On removing the top of the box he discovered a corpse packed in lime. Detectives are after the mystery.

BEREA is exercised over a divorce case on her court docket. A young wife has sued for divorce from her husband, a recent convert in a Methodist revival there, on account of his whipping her because she would not experience religion. One of the witnesses testified that the man, whose name is Thompson, would go home shouting from church, kneel down and pray, then as a last act of devotion whip his wife. At meeting next night he would pray longer and sing louder than any one there.

THREE Ohio Colleges have made application to Washington for a detail of army officers to teach tactics as a part of their course. Ada, Cleveland and Yellow Springs are the colleges. They will probably have their wish, and it may be that in the dim future we can be prepared to have a citizens' army on call and not lose many noble men, dying from diseases in filthy camps, learning the tactics.

AN Indiana fox hunt, carried on by about 1500 men, women and children, is the latest novelty. The caught seven foxes and coralled one wolf.

The Railroad Fever in Literature.

Messrs. Funk & Wagnalls, of New York, have in hand a very great undertaking—that of furnishing Standard books at the price of the flash novels. Their announcement includes works by the best of American authors, as Julian Hawthorne, Joaquin Miller, Geo. P. Lathrop, Edward Everett Hale, etc., books on which they have to pay heavy royalty. Think of such books selling for 15 or 25 cents each! No wonder such men as U. S. Chief Justice Waite, Pres. Mark Hopkins, Dr. John Hall, speak so enthusiastically of the undertaking. Wendell Phillips, just before his death, spoke his approval in the warmest terms. See their large advertisement on another page.

Coshocton's Presidential Preferences.

Special to the Cincinnati Evening Post.

COSHOCTON, O., March 17.—Your correspondent called on a few of the leaders in both parties for an expression of their presidential preferences, with the following result: Capt. E. W. James was in favor of Logan or one of the Shermans. He thought the democrats would nominate Payne. Auditor Cassingham was for the democratic nominee; had no preferences. Judge Blackman wants the old ticket or A. G. Thurman. County Clerk Gamble was in favor of the old ticket first, last, and all the time. J. G. Magaw, postmaster, was in favor of the republican nominee; would not state preferences, G. G. Andrews was for Gen. W T. Sherman, and J. J. Rose for John Sherman.

Mayor Simmons is a promoter of the Payne "boom," and thinks he will "get there Eli." J F. Meek, editor of the Age, is for John Sherman, and had a long editorial in Friday's paper to that effect. J. C. Fisher, of the Democrat, has no particular preference, but rather favors the old ticket. Ex-Mayor Hay is for J. G. Blaine, as is Dr. Barcroft. W. H. McCabe, of the Standard, favors the old ticket or McDonald. Ex Rep. E. L. Lybarger is for John Sherman; both sides have great confidence in the ultimate success of the nominee of the Chicago convention.

He Dodged

From the Guernsey Times.

Senator Crowell was among those reported absent and dodging at the caucus last night, when it came to voting on a graded liquor tax law. This is the man, who talked to Cambridge voters last fall about being "honest and candid with the people." Pooh!

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LETTER FROM COLUMBUS.

Correspondence Coshocton Age.

COLUMBUS, OHIO, Mar. 19, 1884.—Not more than forty members of the House were in their seats on Monday morning last past. Mr. Brunner after the reading of the Journal, offered a resolution to loan to the State Board of Agriculture during the next State Fair such tents as were not in use then. Allen O'Myers objected on the ground that it was a free lunch scheme to take away business from the hotel keepers of the city. It was referred to the committee on county affairs. Allen O'Myers offered a joint resolution to dispose of the State lot on Broadway and to place the proceeds in a fund to be called the Governor's mansion fund. The resolution was referred to the finance committee.

The Senate was not in session Monday morning nor until two o'clock in the afternoon. The House was in session a little over an hour in the morning, and after transacting all the business possible in that short space of time, took a recess until afternoon. Mr. Jones introduced a bill requiring that all executions shall take place within the walls of the penitentiary instead of throughout the State at place of trial, as now. If this became a law it would prevent much of the banging now seen at executions at county jails. The bill does not create the office of executioner but imposes those duties on the warden of the penitentiary, granting him the liberty of appointing persons for the unpleasant duty if he sees fit.

A bill for the erection of a new court house for Franklin county is pending and is exciting considerable interest here. Mr. Bruce's bill to regulate places of amusement and the sale of tickets, making it unlawful to ask or receive a price of admission greater than that advertised, also created quite a stir. Mr. Bruce has also a bill which he will introduce at an early date by request, taxing commercial travelers to the extent of $250 and imposing a heavy fine for violation of the act. Senator White's bill for leasing the Columbus feeder and Hocking canal is in the hands of the Committee on Public Works. Mr. Beatty's bill to increase the fees of county surveyors of Hamilton, Lucas and Cuyahoga counties, was defeated after a heated discussion.

Tuesday Mr. Van Cleaf's resolution for the publication of a complete roster of the soldiers of the late war and the Mexican war came to the House by message and was referred to the committee on military affairs. Senator Elliott's joint resolution for the submission to a vote of the people of a proposition to amend the Constitution of the State so as to regulate the liquor traffic by a graded tax, was taken from the table Tuesday and referred to the Judiciary Committee.

The Van Cleaf joint resolution was adopted in the House Tuesday, amended so as to require that the work shall begin as soon as possible and continue until the roster is complete. The vote on it was unanimous. The Penitentiary bill was under consideration in the Senate on Tuesday, and was the subject of animated discussion. Nothing was done with it, however. The anti-grain-gambling bill was pending in the House at the same time, and after occupying considerable time was postponed until next Tuesday. Senator Godfrey's bill for the creation of a board of pardons came up for the third reading and was set for third reading on Monday next. But little business was transacted in either branch on Tuesday.

Senator Pruden's bill amending the law so as to make men who have read newspaper accounts of cases eligible to serve as jurors came to the House by message Wednesday and provoked a long discussion. Mr. Bargar made a long speech against the bill as Chairman of the Judiciary Committee. He considered that it was hostile to the Republican form of Government. Speaker Marsh spoke in the same strain.

The Senate closed the consideration of the Penitentiary bill on Tuesday, and when a vote was reached the Ely amendment was defeated; yeas to all Republicans except Mr. Reed; nays 16, all Democrats. Several amendments were offered and voted down. The discussion was continued on Thursday in the Senate, and was laid over until Tuesday. On Friday and Saturday nothing of importance occurred and nothing was transacted but routine work. The Legislature then adjourned until Monday afternoon.

The two branches of the Legislature presented few signs, Monday morning, that the Legislature was to meet in the afternoon. A few Solons were in their seats, and the rest came straggling in on late trains. Monday was the day set some time ago for the final adjournment, but it is not probable that it will occur before March 31st at the earliest.

The special order for 1:30 in the afternoon in the House was Senator Godfrey's bill for a Board of Pardons to be chosen by the Governor. As it conflicts with the Penitentiary Bill it is not likely it will pass the House. Several other bills were on the docket for passage but little was transacted, Monday owing to the absence of the Solons.

FARRAND.

OTHER PEOPLE'S LETTERS

How a Young Man is Amassing a Fortune by Inditing Notes.

"She certainly writes a beautiful hand," remarked one young gentleman lightly, after examining the pink-colored and dainty rose-scented sheet of note-paper which his friend had just handed him. The recipient of the letter was one of those jolly good fellows who receive a goodly number of missives from the fair sex, and the note was only a formal declination of an invitation, so there was no indelicacy in showing it.

"Oh, yes, it's a nice hand—very pretty writing," said the party addressed, "but it's a fact that I've received notes from fifteen or twenty different women in the last six months, all addressed and written in precisely the same hand. The truth of it is that there is a man in this city making a fortune writing other people's letters."

"The deuce you say! Who can it be?"

"A young man named Markoson, who has headquarters on Walnut street."

To the reporter who heard the conversation enough was learned to give him an idea. He at once determined to call upon him and learn the particulars of his strange calling. Mr. M. was found in rather a dingy little shop on Walnut street, the entrance to which was partly barred by bulletin-boards containing display copies of flash literature, while the show window was packed with dime novels and light reading. The frizzly-headed youth who stood behind the counter when the reporter inquired for Mr. Markeson pointed toward a gentleman in the rear of the store who was busily engaged at a desk with notes piled up on every side.

"What can I do for you?" he asked politely, but still with the air of a man who don't want to be bothered.

"I want you to write me a note."

"Have you a copy?" he asked.

"No, but I will dictate to you."

"All right, but proceed quickly, for I have lots of business on hand. What do you want, a business hand?"

"Yes, a business hand will do."

"On commercial note?"

"Yes."

"Well, go ahead."

In a very few minutes the letter was written, addressed to a fictitious person, and sealed. It was written in a beautiful business hand, every letter being almost perfectly formed.

"How much?" asked the reporter.

"Twenty-five cents, please?"

The amount was paid, and the letter-writer was asked when he would be at liberty for a few moments. Half an hour later was appointed, and the *News Journalist* returned.

"Now I wish you would tell me how you became a letter-writer, and how you worked up such a business as you seem to have."

"Oh, that is very easy to explain. Six years ago I was a common card-writer, and went to county fairs and exhibitions writing cards. For a while I wrote cards on the streets in Cincinnati, and a great many people employed me to write letters for them. It struck me that it would be a good idea to work up a trade of that kind, and I got a little ahead financially and bought out this stand. It began a little slow at first, but people began to find me out, and there is not a day that I do not write a number of letters. Sometimes I have more than I can attend to, as you saw to-day."

"How did you manage to work it up?"

"Women- that tells the story. One or two women get a letter written, and then they tell others about it. Nearly all the illiterate women of the city employ me to write their notes, and they are the best-paying class, and then there are numbers of educated women. Some of them write really nice, legible hands themselves, but for some reason or other they prefer notes written in some other hand. Poor servant-girls have notes written and want them with all the flourishes that can be put into writing by a master. A great many have me draw a bird or deer's head to make the letter look attractive and pretty. Sometimes they come and tell what they want themselves, but not frequently. I have written some of the most sickening stuff you ever heard of for love-sick girls, and have been put in charge of innumerable secrets. I have no regular charge, the lowest price being a quarter and from that on up to $1. The more ignorant a woman the louder sounding she wants the letter and the brighter colored she wants the paper. Look here, for instance [showing a brilliant red-tinted sheet of paper with gold-embossed edge and a stamped monogram at the top], that was written for a colored woman, who is a cook at a 10-cent restaurant, and goes to a dusky lover. I charged her only a quarter. A woman who had more money to throw away I would have charged $1."

"To whom are letters generally written?"

"Men of all classes. Actors come in for the great share. During the week Fanny Davenport showed here I wrote thirty letters to one of the actors in 'Fedora' for different women, professing all sorts of admiration. A great many are written to gamblers and fast young men. A party who recently figured in a *News Journal* sensation received a good many notes written by me."

"Do you write many letters for men?"

"Not nearly so many as for women. The men are generally those who can't write themselves or who want anonymous or threatening letters written so that they can not be detected by their chirography. I have had an inkling of curious and startling facts that would create a sensation if known, but never ask questions, and consider everything as strictly confidential. I would, perhaps, make an interesting and valuable witness in many divorce cases if t'other party only knew about me."

"Is the business profitable?" queried the reporter.

"Well, I will give you the figures. I began a little over five years ago with a few hundred dollars. I now have property which I can convert into cash on three days' notice, and have lived in good style, so you can judge for yourself. But don't you publish that, for I have a monopoly now, and it may start competition."

On the desk were a pile of notes waiting to be copied, so the reporter withdrew.—*Cincinnati News Journal.*

Rain.

Various theories have been advanced to account for the formation of rain drops, but the most satisfactory explanation is that proposed by Professor Osborne Reynolds. The minute particles of which clouds are composed are moving downward in consequence of the attraction of gravity; but, by reason of the resistance which the air offers to their descent, they are only moving very slowly. Since, however, the resistance offered to the passage of large drops is much smaller in proportion to their weight than that offered to small drops, it follows that the large drops will descend faster than the smaller ones, and will overtake them, coming into collision with any which are in the direct line of their descent. When two drops collide they will unite to form a larger drop, which will descend with increased velocity, sweeping up smaller drops in its path, and thus increasing in size until it emerges from the cloud. Since many clouds are several miles in thickness, it is easy to see that a particle descending from the upper part of the cloud may become a drop of considerable size before it emerges from the cloud. In their passage from the cloud to the earth the larger raindrops will overtake the small ones in a precisely similar way. At the same time the size of the drops may be slightly increased by the condensation of water from the air through which they are falling, or may be slightly diminished by partial evaporation from the surface of the drops.

A falling raindrop descends with a velocity which increases until the acceleration is balanced by the resistance of the air, after which the drop descends with uniform velocity. It is, of course, well known that large clouds may exist without any rain falling from them. In some cases rain is actually formed, but evaporates and is again converted into vapor before it can reach the ground; in many cases the non-formation of rain is possibly due to the fact that under certain unknown atmospheric or other conditions the particles forming the clouds do not unite when they collide. As an agent of geological change rain is of the greatest importance. It plays a large part in the disintegration of rocks and the formation of soils, washes the smaller particles into streams and rivers, and is in fact one of the important of the various denuding agents. Indeed, since rain is the ultimate source of all our brooks, rivers, etc., it may be said to be the principal agent of geological change on the earth's surface. The amount of the rainfall varies very considerable in different parts of the same country, depending on geographical position, the conformation of the surface of the ground, the proximity of large lakes and the sea, etc. The heaviest annual fall of rain occurs in the zone of calms over the equatorial region of the Atlantic and Pacific Oceans and on the west coasts of the British Isles, India, Norway, North and South America and New Zealand. In all these latter districts the west wind blows over a large tract of ocean and becomes heavily charged with moisture, which it deposits when forced upward by the action of the mountains on the coasts. The driest districts in the world are desert regions of Africa and Asia. The amount of rain which falls in single showers is sometimes enormous, especially in the tropics. In the British Isles one of the heaviest falls on record is a fall of 5.36 inches in twenty four hours, in Monmouthshire, July 14, 1875. On October 25, 1836, at Gibraltar, there was a fall of 30.11 inches.—*Cassell's Concise Cyclopedia.*

It Wasn't the Cat.

A fish dealer down in Salineville, Ohio, says that he received a box of frozen fish from Cleveland during the recent blizzard. They were so hard and brittle that they had to be handled with care to keep them from breaking in pieces. He sold one to an old lady, who took it home and put it in a bucket of cold water to thaw out gradually. During the night she heard something splashing and flopping around in the kitchen. Supposing it was the cat trying to get the fish, she jumped out of bed, seized the broom, and broke for the scene. There was no cat visible, but the fish was making the water fly in every direction. As near as could be learned, these fish had lain out in the cold two nights before being packed in boxes, and had been out of the water more than two weeks.

He was a dude of the extreme kind. He couldn't have been more so. His overcoat was short, his undercoat long, his collar high, his trousers so tight that it would seem he must have greased his legs to get into them, his shoes pointed. As he entered the reading-room at the hotel everybody looked at him, and a smile went round. There was a brindle dog in the room at the time. As the dude paused at the news stand the dog went up to him, sniffed of him, looked up at him once and walked away with dropping tail and an air of intense disgust. The disgust probably arose from the fact that the dude wasn't the person the dog was looking for, but the animal's whole appearance seemed to say: "This let's me out. I can't stand that thing!" And the crowd howled with laughter.—*Boston Post.*

Longfellow's Last Resting Place.

Longfellow has no tombstone, no mound, no memorial, says a recent writer. We found his grave by the number of the lot. The whole place is smoothly sodded by a strong coping. It is on a terrace. One side runs almost perpendicular down to a lower road. The place seems fitted naturally for a vault, but only a bank of green met the eye on the steep hillside. Unmarked as it was, it was surrounded by visitors—young and old, home people and strangers. No need to ask, no need to tell who was Longfellow. There were people there from beyond the Rockies, and they gathered the grass blades to take back with them; a schoolboy treasured a sorrel blossom that grew by the way, and the very dust of the carriage road, I believe, would have been prized because it had been near to him, to the body that had dwelt with "that beautiful spirit," whose fame his friend Emerson in his feebleness had forgotten, but whose beauty even death shadows could not dim.

Old Judge Ochiltree, soon after his illustrious son had got his license to practice law, went off on a few days' trip; "and Thomas," said he, "you may as well have a neat sign of the new firm painted and hung up over the office door." When the old gentleman returned he did indeed see a neat sign over the office door. He examined it through his gold-rimmed spectacles, and then took off his binoculars and examined it again. The neat sign read thus: "Thomas P. Ochiltree and Father, Attorneys at Law."

Washing Wool on the Sheep.

Washing wool on the sheep is a general practice. It is proposed to reform the practice, it being charged as wholly useless, and in a large degree injurious to the sheep and the washers. Thousands of years ago, when each family grew and wove its own clothes, there were reasons for washing. But no sound reasons can be shown now. A suppositious reason is the idea of making all clips alike in condition and value, because no farmer will sell his wool unless he can get the same price as his neighbor. But every observing wool-grower knows there is not a uniformity in the condition and value of fleece-washed wools. Some run eight or ten days between washing and shearing, and others run five or six weeks. Some wash out as little dirt as they can, and some make it a point to let their sheep run until there is as much dirt and oil in the wool as before washing. So there is as much difference in the condition of washed fleece and per cent. of shrinkage as in unwashed. The result is that where the buyer goes from farm to farm and pays each grower the same price the same day, the man who has a fine light clip gets less than its value to make up the loss on a dirty clip, so that the buyer can make an average price, and buy of every grower he calls on, and receive his commission of one cent per pound.

Most flocks have to be driven some distance to the washing place, and become tired and heated, and the close yarding increases both, and puts them in bad condition for a bath. The washing and slow process of evaporation of the large amount of water in the wool produces a chill, reduces the vitality of the sheep and make it more vulnerable to attacks of disease. The yolk and oil washed out of the wool is a product of food, and it requires as much of the elements of nutrition to produce a pound of it as it does to produce a pound of wool. The animal economy is taxed to produce a new supply before shearing at the expense of more food. Washing sheep often gives them colds, from which they never recover. The operation is one of discomfort to the man, and sometimes results in serious injury to health. As they cannot be washed until weather and water become measurably warm, and must needs run afterward until the "oil starts," the season of shearing is limited, and many flocks are obliged to carry their fleeces into hot weather, resulting in loss of condition and stopping growth of wool.

We ought to abolish the practice, because it will be a yearly saving of time, labor and expense; the sheep can be sheared early at convenience, and the season of shearing and marketing lengthened. The market for unwashed wool is just as good as for washed, and it will sell for just as much per head for the same number of months' growth. I sheared, last year, May 30 and 31, and the next day I noticed my sheep sought the shade to lie down. Thousands of sheep carried their fleeces during a month of hot weather, and then the tender skin was exposed to the scorching rays of the sun. All this discomfort and loss in growth of wool could have been avoided by shearing unwashed. Those who can give their sheep shelter at night and during storms can shear May 1 with benefit. Those whose pastures are distant can shear as soon as liability to cold storms is past, say from May 15 to 31, and sheep should seldom carry their fleeces far into June.—*B. F. Rob... in Chicago Journal.*

Dresses for School-Girls.

One of the most gratifying signs of progress is the general awakening in regard to school-dress. It has heretofore been considered enough to discourage a lavish display of jewelry, but a girl could be thinly clad in cold weather; she could change from thick wool to thin silk; she could encase her arms in skin-tight sleeves and pull her dresses together within a quarter of an inch of her life—and no one thought of protesting against her folly. But gymnastics in school have accomplished something; they have established the fact that with ordinary dress the girl cannot use or raise her arms, and it has at last dawned upon teachers and intelligent mothers that she ought to use them elsewhere than in the gymnasium. The principal of one of the most fashionable schools in New York will not permit her pupils to wear a dress of any material save wool or cotton—the former in winter, the latter in mild weather, if they choose. A girl wearing a velvet suit one day was sent home with a message that her dress must be changed to one adapted to school wear. The mother of the girl returned with a reply that it was a last year's suit which must be utilized or it would be out-grown. The teacher was inflexible. She said the school-room was no place for cast-off finery; that the moral effect was bad and the final result was worse than the present loss. The lesson was a salutary one.

A school in Massachusetts recommends to its 200 girl students a sensible school-dress, of which the following are some of the features: First, it is to consist of single layers of clothing, so that the warmth will be equally distributed over the body. Secondly, it should be sufficiently loose not to impose restrictions upon the free and active use of the muscles. Third, the materials should be soft, unexciting in color, and undistinguishable in pattern. Fourth, the design should suggest rather than outline the figure, unless the material is elastic, and should be divided into few parts in order to be free from distractions. Fifth, it should avoid whatever is unnecessary or that takes time and strength that could be better put into work or play.

The combination undergarment of knitted wool or cotton, or both, the skirt of plaited wool attached to a lining waist cut with a spring over the hip, and a polonaise or woven "jersey" supplies all the requirements for such a dress. If the polonaise is employed the lining waist may be extended so as to require only a deep-plaited flounce of the wool to bring it to the length of the walking-skirt, thus rendering it lighter and cheaper.

The polonaise should be pleated at the back a part of the fullness being taken out of the waist and cut with a whole sack front which could be belted in. The sleeves should be cut very high and somewhat full at the top, so as to surround the arm at the socket and allow free movement.

"The latest novelty in weddings is for the bride and groom to keep as a profound secret where they are going on their tour." The object no doubt is to escape the presentation of bills during the honeymoon. The scheme is not original. The groom often endeavors to keep as a profound secret his whereabouts after he returns from his wedding tour.—*Norristown Herald.*

The Marquis of Lorne will write a book on Canada; and the Princess Louise will illustrate it.

Insomnia in Domestic Animals.

If there be one thing above another that I revel in it is science. I have devoted much of my life to scientific research, and though it hasn't made much stir in the scientific world so far, I am positive that when I am gone the scientists of our day will miss me, and the red-nosed theorist will come and shed the scalding tear over my humble tomb.

My attention was first attracted to insomnia as the foe of the domestic animal, by the strange appearance of a favorite dog named Lucretia Borgia. I did not name this animal Lucretia Borgia. He was named when I purchased him. In his eccentric and abnormal thirst for blood he favored Lucretia, but in sex he did not. I got him partly because he loved children. The owner said Lucretia Borgia was an ardent lover of children, and I found that he was. He seemed to love them best in the spring of the year when they were tender. He would have eaten up a favorite child of mine if the youngster hadn't left a rubber ball in his pocket which clogged the glottis of Lucretia till I could get there and disengage what was left of the child.

Lucretia soon after this began to be restless. He would come to my casement and lift up his voice and howl into the bosom of the silent night. At first I thought he had found some one in distress or wanted to get me out of doors and save my life. I went out several nights in a weird costume that I had made up of garments belonging to different members of my family. I dressed carefully in the dark and stole out to kill the assassin referred to by Lucretia, but he was not there. Then the faithful animal would run up to me and with almost human, pleading eyes, bark and run away toward a distant alley. I immediately decided that some one was suffering there. I had read in books about the dogs that led their masters away to the suffering and saved people's lives, so when Lucretia came to me with his great, honest eyes and took little mementoes out of the calf of my leg and then galloped off seven or eight blocks, I followed him in the chill air of night and my Mosaic clothes. I wandered away to where the dog stopped behind a livery stable, and there, lying in a shuddering heap on the frosty ground, lay the still, white features of a soup bone that had outlived its usefulness.

On the way back I met a physician who had been up town to swear in an American citizen who would vote twenty-one years later if he lived. The physician stopped me and was going to take me to the Home of the Friendless when he discovered who I was.

You wrap a tall man, with a William H. Seward nose, in a flannel robe, cut plain, and then put a plug hat and a sealskin sacque and Arctic overshoes on him and put him out in the street, under the gaslight, with his trim, purple ankles just revealing themselves as he madly gallops after a hydrophobia infested dog, and it is not after all, surprising that people's curiosity should be a little bit excited.

After I had introduced myself to the physician and asked him for a cigar, explaining that I could not find any in the clothes I had on, I asked him about Lucretia Borgia. I told the doctor how Lucretia seemed restless nights and nervous and irritable days, and how he seemed to be almost a mental wreck, and asked him what the trouble was.

He said it was undoubtedly "insomnia." He said that it was a bad case of it, too. I told him I thought so myself. I said I didn't mind the insomnia that Lucretia had so much as I did my own. I was getting more insomnia on my hands than I could use.

He gave me something to administer to Lucretia. He said I must put it in a link of sausage and leave the sausage where it would appear that I didn't want the dog to get it, and then Lucretia would eat it greedily.

I did so. It worked well so far as the administration of the remedy was concerned, but it was fatal to my little, high-strung, yearnful dog. It must have contained something of a deleterious character, for the next morning a coarse man took Lucretia Borgia by the tail and laid him where the violets blow. Malignant insomnia is fast becoming the great foe to the modern American dog.—*Bill Nye.*

Dreams and Strange Fulfillments.

A French writer says that to dream well we must act well while we are awake, and to bring down beings of celestial origin to converse with us in our sleep we must struggle in the cause of virtue during the day. The dream of Cæsar's wife, when the Ides of March had come, as related by Plutarch, is full of interest. Cæsar was much disturbed by the groans she uttered in her sleep and awoke her. She then told him that she had dreamed of holding him murdered in her arms. On the following day, so deeply was the dream impressed upon her mind and so great the terror it inspired, that she implored him to remain at home that day and adjourn the meeting of the Senate. He was startled, and knowing her to be a woman of fearless mind and, in nowise superstitious, he offered sacrifices and consulted astrologers, by whom he was advised to adjourn the Senate. But he was persuaded to do otherwise by one of the conspirators against his life, who laughed at the dream and urged Cæsar not to offend the Senate just when they were about to crown his ambitious desires. Cæsar listened to the treacherous voice and went to meet his death. Lord Bacon records a dream he had, in which he saw his father's house in the country plastered all over with black mortar, and he had no doubt on awakening that he would hear evil tidings. His father died on the very night on which he dreamed.

A gentleman relates the following: "One evening some two years since, my brother, an officer in the army, surprised me with a late visit, just as my family was retiring to rest. 'Brother,' exclaimed he, in an excited manner, 'mother is dead!' 'When and how did you hear it?' I replied, as she was living at some distance from the town where we were, and was, so far as we know, in good health. 'I have seen her pass me twice this evening in my room, while I was in bed, with her head bandaged up, and I could not rest until I saw you,' was his answer. In consequence of his entreaties and conviction, it was determined to take the first train to the locality where our mother resided, and upon our arrival we found, to our great surprise, that she died the evening before, quite suddenly, at the exact hour my brother dreamed he saw the apparition."

Franklin had several of his projects decided for him by dreams. Goethe says in his memoirs: "The objects which had occupied my mind during the day often reappeared at night in connected dreams." The celebrated dream of Thomas Lord Lyttleton, in which he dreamed a bird flew into the room where he slept, and while he looked at it it changed into the form of a female whom he had wronged, who told him to prepare for another world, as in three days he would die. He was well then, and laughingly said he did not look like a man so near death, and that he intended to "bilk the ghost." Some hours after saying this he went with Mr. Fortescue and Captain Wolsey to Pitt Place, Epsom, ate for supper an egg, went cheerfully to bed and suddenly expired in a fit in the presence of his servant.—*The Celtic Magazine.*

Ohio River Philosophy.

Soap don't cost as much as diamonds, but lots o' people don't seem to be able to afford both.

A man that needs 40 cents worth of whisky to give him an appetite for a 15-cent dinner always has the dyspepsia.

I never feel comfortable when there's a man around that smiles all the time. The only dog that bit me never stopped waggin' his tail.

W'en I see a feller siftin' two quarts of ashes an' smokin' a 10-cent cigar at one time, I know he'll get rich because he's so ekonomical.

You show me a man that's allus workin' in politics an' I'll show you one that gets a darned sight more and better to eat than his wife and children do.

I don't often ask riddles, but wot do you think a family is likely to have for dinner wen the old man earns $8 a week, spends $4 for beer, $2 for cigars and buys a raffle ticket?

There's a great deal of talk about folks killin' themselves by overwork. There's more people struck by lightnin'. Most such critters work eight hours a day, an' dance, drink or play poker ten more. Then, wen they break down, their wives put on the tombstone Died of Overwork.

You can't rely on signs. Lots of folks say that a man with big ears is generous and stupid. Wen I was a boy I went to a cirkis, and they had a little mule no bigger than a ten-weeks' calf. They asked for boys to ride the critter, an' I sez, "He's only a mule, an' he's got big ears. He must be stupid, an' he won't play me no mean tricks." Wen they took me home my father licked me for bein' a fool, an' sed he'd like to give the mule a medal.—*Walt Bud in Cleveland Sentinel.*

English Farmers in America.

Mr. Burt, a member of the British parliament, spent much of last summer in this country, and in an interesting letter writes: On the prairies of Illinois and in the neighborhood of Kingston, Canada, I met several people who were formerly laborers in England and in the north part of Ireland, who are now the owners of the farms they till. They seem to be doing well. I spent a few days in Illinois with two brothers who went from the north of England some thirty years ago. They took nothing with them but stout hearts and a pair of ready, willing hands. They have now farms of their own, in one case of one hundred acres and in the other of eighty acres. They have erected good houses, stables, barns, and the usual outbuildings connected with a well-equipped farm. Surrounding their homesteads are orchards in which they grow many kinds of fruit. Their land is well cultivated, and well stocked with fine animals. Nearly everything they require is produced by themselves; in short, they are independent as far as anybody on earth can be independent. They still work hard, but work for themselves, and were among the happiest people I met in my travels. There was a quiet dignity, a self-possession, an absence of haste and worry in the life of these sturdy farmers which afforded a pleasant contrast to much that I saw in other parts of America.

"No, George," said the archaeologist, "I have hitherto confided these restorations to your care, and I must say you have acquitted yourself to my satisfaction and that of the New York public, but, though the arms you have put on the Venus de Milo are very pretty, I think, George, that you have rather underestimated the ripeness of Nineteenth Century culture. Amputate her again, George."—*Puck.*

Prettier Than Langtry, Any Day.

The stout, stubby little figure of General Sheridan excites as much interest in any assembly as the most stately president, and all are charmed with his pretty young wife. Mrs. Sheridan has light brown hair, blue eyes, expressive features, and a complexion that rivals the Jersey Lily. Altogether Mrs. Phil. Sheridan is a prettier woman any day than Mrs. Langtry, and people are wondering why they never heard before of her being a decided beauty. She has a slender, graceful figure, and dresses in exquisite taste, her toilet last night being a combination of silver gray cashmere and pink brocade, over which was worn a short sleeveless jacket of netted steel beads.—*Washington Letter.*

Smelt fisheries is one of the growing industries of New Brunswick. Boston gets many of the fish.

Nervousness.

The moment there is danger of impairment of the mind from excessive nervous exhaustion, or where there exists forebodings of evil, a desire for solitude, shunning and avoiding company, vertigo and nervous debility, or when insanity has already taken place PERUNA should be implicitly relied on. But it is never well to wait so long before treatment is commenced. The early symptoms are loss of strength, softness of the muscles, dim or weak sight, peculiar expressions of the face and eyes, coated tongue, with impaired digestion; or in others certain powers only are lost, while they are otherwise enjoying comparatively good health. In all these PERUNA should at once be taken.

MARRY RICH.

This is very good advice, girls, if you get a healthy man with the cash but if you secure a peevish, nervous, dyspeptic fellow you are certainly in hard luck, for what good is he except to wear your life out with his lamentations? Give us the man with a sound stomach, plenty of blood in his veins, a smile on his face, and a pleasant word for all. We would take him if he hadn't a dollar were we looking for a husband just now. Health is better than riches you may depend. However, if you have the ill luck to own an invalid husband make the most of it. We can suggest to you a means of helping him out. Burdock Blood Bitters, for the man who is bilious, for the man who is debilitated, or the man with an enfeebled circulation, are better than a gold mine. And remember, girls, this splendid medicine is just as good for the opposite sex; for a sour stomach, for an impure breath, and for nervousness we most heartily recommend it. Burdock Blood Bitters are unexcelled in their specialties.

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EYRE'S ACQUITTAL

A SEQUEL TO MADCAP; OR, THE STORY OF A SIN

BY HELEN B. MATHERS.

PART I

CHAPTER I.

And at me wring your heart for so I shall
If it be made of penetrable stuff
Hamlet.

The remote village of Lovel was one afternoon electrified by news of the death of its Squire, and the intimation that his body might be expected to arrive before night, under the care of his friend, Lord Lovel.

In less than an hour Mr. Eyre's grave was being dug beside that of the woman whose lover and husband he had been, and of whose murder he was secretly believed to be guilty; though if he had killed her, it had been for love—because, though he could endure to see her die, he could not brook the sight of himself degraded in her eyes, or, as others said, know himself supplanted in her love by his friend.

He had never been accused of the crime, nor even for some time suspected of it, and this was partly due to the fact that at his instigation a woman named Clarke had been tried for the murder, and, by circumstantial evidence, so nearly convicted, that her acquittal was indignantly declared by the Judges to be a gross miscarriage of justice.

But some extraordinary disclosures made by Mr. Eyre in the course of the trial had, in the eyes of many of those present, reversed the position of accuser and accused; while the ruthless lifting by his own hand of the curtain that had screened his inner life appalled the gazers, who in one scathing flash of light saw him stripped naked of his worldly robes, and he as the man that God and his own heart had long known him.

He stood before them a man who for years had been at the mercy of a secret sin; himself the fatal moving power out of which had sprung three successive tragedies of unspeakable pathos and horror, upon which he gazed impassive and unsubdued—less repentant of his misdeeds than callously bold in vaunting them casting aside like a worn-out glove the honorable life he had worn in those years when he had

Built God a church, and laughed His word to scorn,

and by his inhumanity rather than his sins, cutting himself off from all sympathy with his kind.

As betrayer and deserter of the woman Clarke in her youth, and remorseless bringer to justice of her only friend for the murder of his unacknowledged child (privately exerting his great influence to hang her) as the man who first robbed his best friend of his sweetheart, then filched his good name and wore it before the world as the assassin who attempted Hester Clarke's life because he had an hourly dread that she should tell Mrs. Eyre the truth as the accuser of that unhappy woman of his wife's murder and as magistrate committing her to jail while yet in a child's cradle lay warm upon her knee thus, bit by bit, his character during the trial painted itself to the shrinking beholders' gaze, till all felt themselves in the presence of a man whose hand would not shrink from any deed to which his iron will impelled him.

From that day the secret conviction grew and strengthened that Mr. Eyre had himself been the murderer of the wife he had so passionately loved, the most popular reason assigned being a violent jealousy of Lord Lovel, culminating in a fit of madness, in which he slew her.

But those who were best acquainted with Mr. Eyre's haughty and inflexible character, said that he never needed to know jealousy, and felt none; but that the complications of his position with regard to Hester Clarke—becoming unbearable and rather than see his wife endure those miseries that the knowledge of his sin must cost her, he had cut the knot of his oath altogether and her life with a single blow, and so cured ignorance to her for ever.

Others denied the murder to have been one of either jealousy or pride, declaring it to be one of simple greed, committed for the sake of the magnificent diamonds she had worn that night, and which were found missing when she was discovered stabbed to the heart, but breathing yet, in her chair.

Strong suspicion had at the time attached itself to the gardener, who was seized on a ladder, placed against her window, within a few moments of the deed, and whose infatuation for Mr. Eyre's French nurse was said to be powerful enough to precipitate him into crime for her sake.

"Give me diamonds like Madam's, and I will marry you," she had said to him not half an hour before the murder; and the diamonds had disappeared, and the gardener been caught almost red-handed, yet Mr. Eyre had refused for one moment to believe in the man's guilt, all his energies being bent to the conviction of the woman Clarke; and before setting out on that lengthened journey, that extended to three years, he had the man and maid married in his presence, and left them established in sole charge of the Red Hall, with certain funds to be disposed of according to his directions. And, though keenly watched by the village, the oddly-matched pair had given rise to no suspicion, and gradually people ceased to believe in their guilt.

Of Mr. Eyre nothing was known. He and Lord Lovel had gone abroad within a few days of each other and were conjectured to be together, but as both preserved an unbroken silence, sending home neither word nor sign of their existence, the first positive news that had reached the village being contained in the telegram that announced the speedy arrival of living and dead.

And those who gathered round to see the digging of Mr. Eyre's grave, whispered that the real secret of Mrs. Eyre's death would never be known now, since the key to it was for ever locked within the cold heart of the man whom she alone had so passionately loved, while all other men and women feared him.

CHAPTER II.

"Seems like yesterday I were diggin' *her* grave," said the sexton, jerking his head toward the narrow, green mound where Madcap Eyre lay with her child on her breast, and I'd sooner ha' dug his the first. . . . I misdoubt me if the daisies and crocuses 'll ever spring as free above his, as they do out o' her pretty head—God bless her!"

"If he'd been a poor man he'd lie at the cross roads with a stake through his heart," said Nancy of the Mill, who stood with arms a-kimbo. "Lord! to think that she died as happy—like a baby in its mother's arms—'tis said she felt so safe-like, she didn't even kiss him before . . . and he'll never get near enough for her to kiss him now—God A'mighty 'ud never stand it."

"I never thowt he'd a died till he'd swung somebody or 'nother for her," said the blacksmith; "to see his grave a-digging, seems like a story broke off short-like in its middle—t'other world gets the end o't, and neither they nor us is a bit the wiser."

"Love begins all things and death ends 'em," said the gravedigger, sententiously; "half the sin in the world's born of the taste o' a cherry lip, and a gentle eye'll sink many a soul as has kept the commandments from his youth up—'twas a most powerful true love as turned th' Squire from an honest man, to a black-hearted sinner."

"He give his sowl for her," said a sad-faced woman who stood by, "and he couldn't do more for her if 'twas ever so—he knew that if ever she come to know about Hester Clarke and the drowned child, 't would kill her . . . 'tis said that just afore she died she said 'twas the happiest moment of her life, and never knowed she'd been murdered—she went so quick after she'd come out of the chloroform."

"There's a man for you!" cried Nancy, lifting up her hands; "if so be as he did stab her through jealousy, to hide beside her all through that night, holding the handkercher to her mouth, and not letting her come to herself one blessed minnit, and the doctor saying," sez he, "if she dies, 'tis murder"—and the Squire looks up and sez, 'What then?' O! Lord, what a man!"

"It minds me of Otheller," said a village pedagogue, whose rusty coat-tails swept his heels. "He killed *his* wife for jealousy; but there was no knife or chloroform *there*, only pillows."

"The master had no call to be jealous," said Sally Gouge, who had just joined the group; "she never loved but him, and he knowed it."

"And what a pair they made," said the gravedigger, resting on his spade, "so light-some, sprity, and beautiful! She'd walk beside master, but dance along side of t'other seems like as if they two ought to lyin' here side by side . . . he left his heart wi' her the day we laid the mool above her."

"She were well loved," said the sexton's wife, softly; "and for her sake the two men loved one another. 'Twas grand to see 'em standing shoulder to shoulder at th' size o 'twas the only speck o' vartue in master's character when he up an' said 'twas he, an' not the young Lord, as had brought Hester Clarke to shame—seemin' as if he didn't vally the world's opinion a groat, so long as *she* never heard the whisper o't."

"He was ever of a murderish sort of mind," said the pedagogue, shaking his head. "'twas greatly in my mind, when he set out so quick after Lord Lovel, that revenge was at the bottom; for, though a man may kill his wife for love he mostly kills her lover for hate."

"Very bookish talk!" said the sexton, disparagingly; "some more leavings of Otheller, I s'pose; but them as sits down to write books is mostly pure creatures, and nat'rally the folks they set struttin' on the page is like themselves . . . they ain't true to human natur's an' if you ticked a man wi' a deadly sin, ain' expect him to act accordin', ton to one but he'll bust out with a bit o' vartue as'll make you feel as if you'd never knowed its right color before . . . an' if the master slew her as he lov'd best of all upon earth, 'tis ten to one 'twas for some reason as never entered into your Otheller's or any of them dummies' heads."

"Dummies!" ejaculated the pedagogue, furious at this insult to the creatures of his own discovery—*ergo* his own; but a push from one of the crowd nearly precipitating him into the open grave compelled him to take an awkward leap backward, in the course of which his head met a tombstone that made him think of Othello with disgust for a week.

The cause of the catastrophe was Job, who came to the very edge and looked down with bitter hatred at the yawning chasm.

"Dig it deep," he said; "he's been the curse of the place this many a year, and there's no knowing where his sins may sprout up again—but please God we've done with bastards and murders now—a bad man," cried Job, striking his foot against the crumbling earth; "he spoilt my little Master Frank's life, and made him carry on his shoulders a sin that wasn't his'n, and speaks up the truth too late, for *she* never knowed it . . . there's naught but henlock 'll grow here, though them two sweet souls laid alongside might save him . . . but, thank God, he's *dead*, and my little Master Frank's above-ground!"

His old voice ceased in a triumphant quaver as he turned from the grave to the dawdling group of villagers, for the short November afternoon closing in, and a chilly mist was rising in spectral shapes about the nearer tombstones, and gathering more closely about the little group, formed a wall that shut out all objects beyond.

"Ay!" said the sexton, looking down, "but I'd rather to day was to-morrer, and we'd got him *here*. Th' Squire were never wanted in anything yet, an' it seems s'prisin' that he should be throwed in his first wrastle, so to speak, wi' death. . . . I mostly gets a blink o' the dead face in its coffin whiles I'm diggin' its grave, but somehow I can't see the master's."

"You shall within the hour," said Job, briskly; "and now I must be hastenin' back or the body'll be there afore me, and my little Master Frank'll be expectin'"——

What was it that froze the words on his lips? Whose was this tall shape that loom'd gigantic through the mist, and from which after one shuddering glance all fell away, clutching at each other like drowning creatures in a sinking ship? Job standing erect, the vigor of youth rekindled in his veins, withered and grew old, as, with a lightning conviction of the truth, he stammered, "My master—where is my master?" Mr. Eyre looked down at the half-veiled chasm at his feet.

"His grave is already dug," he said, "and you have received my message. He lies at the house yonder."

"His grave?" repeated Job, slowly and stupidly; "*his grave* . . . but he's alive—the message was from him . . . 'twas *your* body he was bringing . . . his dinner's preparing, and his chair's set . . . My little Frank," he sobbed, "my dear, dear little Master Frank"—then seized Mr. Eyre's arm and shook him like a reed; "did you kill him as you killed your wife?" he shrieked.

"He was killed in battle abroad," said Mr. Eyre, and his voice, hollow and worn, might have been a ghost's. "He had been an hour dead when I found him. I laid him in his coffin and brought him straight home. The message must have blundered on its way."

But Job did not hear . . . by the side of that empty grave his faithful old heart broke, and, palsied and tottering, he had crept away home to where, for the first, last time, his little Master Frank was waiting to receive him.

CHAPTER III.

"And so you dug my grave with a will, my friend," said Mr. Eyre, looking keenly at the gravedigger, "and I've disappointed you; but it shan't be love's labor lost. Lord Lovel loved my wife—and she him—and there's room for me on the other side. And they shall have no monument, and no stained glass yonder; but only the flowers they both loved, with the sun shining through them—and there 'll be no brier to grow out of either breast, but only a rose. And so you thought I killed my wife?" he added, turning abruptly to the terrified villagers, who began to smart under a more wholesome fear of him in the flesh than in the spirit.

"Nay, sir," said the sexton's wife, courtesying, "'tis not for poor folks like we to judge our master; 'th' old man did but prate out what he's caught up from his betters."

"Good God!" cried Mr. Eyre, like a man violently awakened from a dream, "is it possible?" then stooped and plucked a daisy from her grave. "Poor, poor Madcap!" he said, so low that none might hear him, "and is that all my love hath brought thee?" Then, shrouding himself in his black cloak, the mist swallowed him up from the frightened gazers' eyes, and was gone.

"'Tis well that Frank lies yonder, not I," he said aloud as he crossed the churchyard, "since that's the popular idea. I'll have to disprove it, if only for *her* sake—as if the sweet soul could have loved her murderer—and though I've thought of most things, I never thought of that, though clearly some fool did—most likely Busby—and set the country farm-yard in a cackle, because its chief goose had laid another egg. But *she* can't hear them, and she's happy; and Frank's found her by now; and he loves her too well to tell her the secret he wouldn't tell me. What was it?" he cried aloud, and standing still in the darkness. "Three years I've lost in hunting for it, and meanwhile the woman's escaped me. But I'll find her yet."

As he climbed the familiar hill to his home, he thought of how often those two bright young creatures now sound in death below had trod it beside him; and once he drew back, as though physically unable to face the empty house, across whose threshold his Madcap would never dance to meet him any more. He entered the courtyard, and mechanically turned to that wing of the house in which her chamber lay, and from the force of habit looked up as if he would have distinguished her window through the darkness. But what was this? A clear light burned within, and as he paused below, his foot struck against a ladder placed against the wall. (Good God! he thought; has it stood here since that night? And then he remembered that it was the very day and month of the year upon which she had been murdered.

He had thought it unnatural that Hester should climb the ladder unless with sinister intent; yet he found his foot on the first rung before he was aware; and as he rose, step by step, put himself in her place, and in the lighted room above seemed to see Madcap, asleep and unconscious of her doom.

As his head and shoulders rose above the sill, filling the window from lintel to lintel, he saw that it was unshuttered and ajar, while through the clouded pane before him he once more beheld the diamonds that he had last seen on his wife's neck when he left her in the drawing-room below with Lord Lovel.

"I'd rather have the right to wear these openly than own the finest farm in Canada," said a woman whose petticoat of linsey-wolsey, drab stays, and coarse white bodice contrasted so curiously with the jewels she wore, as did her personal beauty with the sordid plainness of the man who stood at some little distance from her, his features expressing a stupid admiration that struggled with an almost abject terror.

"You're jest dolted to deck y'rself wi' 'em," he said sullenly. "M'appen but they'll hang the two on us yet."

"There's only we two in the house," she said; "the child's asleep, and every door locked, and master's body's at the Towers by now. There's none likely to come nigh us to-night. Sit down, you fool," she added, as she turned herself this way and that before the mirror, "did ever you see fireflies give out such a shine as you?"

"Sit me down here?" he said, looking not at his soiled fustian, but at the middle of the room, his eyes fixed as if he saw there some fearsome sight, "seems like as I see her now as I seen her that night sittin' in her white gown, and the red blood gurglin' out"—as though involuntarily, his earth-stained hand lifted itself, and pointed to where his eyes dwelt—"I were mad to let mysel' be dragged here this night; and that poor soul—innocent of all save peepin', and almost hanged for our sin—I'd ha' confessed all afore I saw her swinging. An' all for naught but to see you wi' a halter of diamonds round your weazle——"

"'Tis handsomer than many a lady's," said the woman, slowly, as one whom a thought has struck; "why should I go with the poor fool at all?" she muttered, half aloud; "in Paris I might wear 'em, and——"

"I see no murder there," Mr. Eyre had once exclaimed, gazing at the gardener's features; but as Josephine's half-dropped words reached the man's ears and he strode forward, his master knew that his study had been superficial and that beneath yon boorish exterior might lurk unsuspected possibilities of crime.

"So you'd like to give me the go-by," said Digges with a bitter curse, as he crushed the woman's white arm in his coarse hand; "just you try it," and he breathed hard and thick; "if so be as I've sold my sowl for you, I'll git my penny's worth, an' where I go you'll follor. I allus knew you was a bad lot, but your first fancy man'll be the last, for I'll kill the pair o' ye. I've half the mind to tear 'em off yer body this night an' 'fess to the truth——"

The woman laughed as she put her free arm about his neck and kissed him—her beauty held him in bondage yet. In the lower ranks of life it is seldom that a man ill-uses his handsome mate so long as she is true to him.

"Didn't I promise to love you if you could give me diamonds like madame's," she said, sickening at the contrast of their two faces in the glass, "and I've worn them *once*. To-night we'll unpick them from their settings, and hide them for the last time."

"We maun bide awhile afore we makes a move," said Digges, who had relapsed into his usual stolid self; "m'appen the neebors'll keep their eyes open yet awhile."

"They've given over suspecting long ago," said Josephine, "folks that dress themselves in woolen *must* be virtuous—and poverty's a grand cloak to hide one's sins under."

She was flaunting backward and forward before the mirror now, and beyond her lay the pure, simple background of Madcap's chamber, arranged just as she had left it when she had ignorantly started on her last long journey without farewell kiss or word to the husband and children she so passionately loved.

There stood her white bed, and beside it the table that held her Bible, Prayer-book, and portrait of her husband alone and her two boys together; near them lay the broken toy that her boy had dropped which he had paid her his last visit, and wept at leaving her, not knowing how soon he would share with her that sleep which knows no waking. . . . Yonder, too, was the cabinet of which one unlocked drawer held a secret that defied Mr. Eyre, while by its side the easy-chair stood in which Madcap had been "twinn'd of her sweet life" unknowing. . . .

On the borders of the half light Digges hovered fearful to remain, as to depart, alone, his round eyes resting on anything rather than his wife. All at once the blackness of the windows attracted Josephine's attention; it would make a longer looking-glass than the one in which she gazed, and she approached it, seeing but night beyond, for Mr. Eyre covered his face with his mantle as she advanced, so that she saw the jewels flashing like sun rays upon an inky pool.

But as she looked, some horrible, lightning impression of gazing at dark against dark seized her; involuntarily she pressed nearer, and as the heavy mantle slipped, and Mr. Eyre's eyes met hers through the glass, his features menacing and stern, pale and haggard as a man now risen from the tomb, icy terror congealed the very blood in her veins, and slew in her the power to cry out—to stir. Ignorant and superstitious, she never doubted that this was her dead master in his cere-clothes, come to confront her with the witnesses to her crime upon her body . . . and reason tottered, but was not overthrown, till, dashing the casement wide, he stretched his arm and seized her . . . then her wits fled, and even as Mr. Eyre knew it, and saw the chamber door open, and Digges gone, he knew that once more the secret of Madcap's death had escaped him.

[To be Continued.]

MINNIE PALMER has extended her London engagement until after the 1st of May.

Humors of the Stage.

Mrs. Fanny Kemble, in her "Journal of Her Tour in America," gives an amusing account of a performance of the last scene of "Romeo and Juliet," not as it seemed to the spectators, but as it really was, with the whispered communications of the actors. Romeo, at the words, "Quick, let me snatch thee to thy Romeo's arms," pounced upon his playfellow, plucked her up in his arms "like an uncomfortable bundle," and staggered down the stage with her. Juliet whispers, "Oh, you've got me horridly! That'll never do; let me down. Pray let me down!" But Romeo proceeds, from the acting version of the play, be it understood:

"There, breathe a vital spirit on thy lips,
And call thee back, my soul, to life and love!"

Juliet continues to whisper: "Pray put me down; you'll certainly throw me down if you don't set me down directly." In the midst of "cruel, cursed fate" his dagger fell out of his dress. I, embracing him tenderly, crammed it back again, because I knew I should want it at the end. The performance thus went on:

Romeo—Tear not thy heart-strings thus!
They break, they crack! Juliet!
Juliet!

(Dies).

Juliet (to corpse)—Am I smothering you?

Corpse—Not at all. But could you, do you think, be so kind as to put my wig on again for me? It has fallen off.

Juliet (to corpse)—I'm afraid I can't but I'll throw my muslin veil over it. You've broke the vial, haven't you? (Corpse nodded.)

Juliet (to corpse)—where's your dagger?

Corpse (to Juliet)—'Pon my soul, I don't know.

Young, the actor, used to relate that on one occasion, when playing the hero of the "Gamester" to the Mrs. Beverly of Sarah Siddons, he was so overcome by the passion of her acting as to be quite unable to proceed with his part. There was a long pause, during which the prompter several times repeated the words which Beverly should speak. Then Mrs. Siddons, coming up to her fellow-actor, put the tips of her fingers upon his shoulders, and said, in a low voice, "Mr. Young, recollect yourself." Yet probably from the front of the house nothing was seen or heard of this. Players will thus sometimes prompt each other through whole scenes, interchange remarks as to necessary adjustments of dress, or instructions as to "business" to be gone through without exciting the attention of the audience.—*Boston Globe.*

Lassoing a Lioness.

From Texas G. W. Palmer came to Colorado and began to hunt antelope and deer for a livelihood. He throws the lasso with the accuracy of a rifleman. Up on Hardscramble mountain a few days ago he halted before a half-eaten deer that had been killed by a mountain lion. With a knowledge of the beast and its habits, Palmer concluded that there were a lioness and her cub near by, and he determined to capture her, and, returning to his cabin, a short distance away, he procured several ropes. Fully equipped, he proceeded cautiously, and finally discovered the lioness with her cub beneath a projecting rock.

It was then that he motioned to his son, who followed at his heels, to stop, and, instructing him to make his appearance at a signal from him, he left the path to mount the rocks that sheltered the beast. Reaching the summit, he uncoiled the rope from his arm and prepared to make the battle. The signal was given to the brave young fellow who made his appearance a short distance from the lair. The beast was about to leap forward, but the father sent the loop over her head. There was a brief struggle in which the noose was slipped, but in a second more it was secure upon the hind legs. The end of the rope had been previously thrown over the limb of a tree whose boughs spread around, and the contest began in earnest.

After a terrible struggle Palmer succeeded in suspending his prize in the air, and fastening the rope securely, he sprang from the rocks, and proceeded to tie the remainder of the limbs. Accomplishing this, he thought it about time to bag the cub, and reached down to grasp it; but the little fellow turned as quick as a cat upon his back and fastened his claws in his throat. He hold on like a leach, while the father, who had found it impossible to extricate himself, shouted to his son to use a club. This was ineffectual, however, and throttling the infant lion with his left hand, he pressed down with all his might, and it was not until he had almost killed the animal that the son was enabled to release the claws from his father's neck. Yesterday Mr. Palmer arrived in the city with both of the animals, and caged them in Schloss's old building.—*Leadville Democrat.*

The 'Coon, the Dog and the Fox.

A 'Coon who was being chased across a Field by a Dog caught sight of a Fox and called out:

"Pray give me your Advice in this Moment of Peril."

"Certainly," replied Reynard. "My Advice to you is to Climb a Tree and Escape the Dog."

He then Disappeared within his Burrow to remark to himself that some Folks never did know when they were well off.

A few days later the 'Coon, who had barely Escaped with his Life, was doing a little Ciphering at the foot of a tree in the Forest, when the Fox came tearing along at a 2:30 gait, his tongue hanging out, his eyes as big as onions, and the Habitual Leer on his phiz faded into an Expression of Deep Concern.

"Hello! what's the Matter with you?" called the 'Coon.

"I am Pursued by a Dog, and I can't run a mile further! What shall I do?"

"My Advice is that you dive into your Burrow and escape him," said the 'Coon.

He then slowly Climbed to a limb and Remarked to himself that a Fox who was Idiot enough to Travel around the country Without carrying his Burrow on his back would sooner or later come to some Bad End.—*Detroit Free Press.*

In a lecture at the Lowell Institute, Boston, Professor Wood gave some very interesting details regarding the phenomena of spider life. The female is much larger and fiercer than the male, who, whilst paying his addresses, is constantly in a state of danger. Three different kinds of thread are spun by spiders for their webs. A scientific experimenter once drew 8,480 yards of thread or spider silk from the body of a single spider. Silk may be woven of a spider's thread which is more glossy and brilliant than that of the silk worm.

Matthew Arnold says Americans are "great, intelligent, sensual, avaricious."

N. P. Willis' Cuff Buttons.

The statement is now made that Mr. Aldrich has abandoned his plan of writing the life of N. P. Willis for the American "Men of Letters" series for want of time, which reminds me that, when Mr. Aldrich began to collect material for this biography he called upon Mrs. Eddy, Mr. Willis' daughter, asking for letters and memorials of her father. In the course of the call Mr. Aldrich showed her his cuff-buttons. "Do you recognize these?" he inquired. "Certainly I do," she answered, "How came you by them?" "I was calling upon Mrs. Fields the other day," Mr. Aldrich answered, "and she gave them to me with the remark, 'Lord Beaconsfield gave these to N. P. Willis, and N. P. Willis gave them to Mr. Fields, and now I want you to wear them.'" "That is all very fine," Mrs. Eddy observed, "but I gave the buttons to Mr. Fields myself. He wanted something that had belonged to father, and afterward used to delight in saying that he wore the cuff-buttons of N. P. Willis and the collar-stud of Charles Dickens. As for Beaconsfield, he never saw them; I bought them myself in a most unromantic shop in Broadway." "Well, don't tell," the caller said, laughing; "the bigger story is a good deal better." But he boasted of Beaconsfield's sleeve-links no more.—*Boston Letter in Chicago Tribune.*

Showing That Poverty Pinches Hard.

"Give me 3 cents' worth of flour, 2 cents' worth of butter, and 2 cents' worth of cheese."

Dear Mr. Editor, I was standing in a Boston grocery store the other night and heard a woman come in and buy the above quantities of the necessaries of life. The flour, butter and cheese were put up, the woman paid 7 cents and went out. I turned in surprise to the clerk and said:

"Have you many customers who buy in such small quantities?"

"Lots," was his reply.

I was astounded. I find, on inquiry, it is a common practice all over the city. How true it is one-half of the world does not know how the other half live. I occasionally buy flour by the bag, but such small quantities I never heard of.—*Letter in the Boston Globe.*

Dean Le Breton, the father of Mrs. Langtry, now lives in retirement at St. Brelade's, ten miles from St. Heller's. He is said to be the handsomest man in the Island of Jersey, tall and upright in bearing, with a dignified mien and features. He long ago was separated from his wife, who is chaperoning Mrs. Langtry.

The use of nursing bottles for children is strictly prohibited at the Paris Maternity Hospital.

AN Esquimau often eats 12 pounds of fish at a meal, but never exceeds this for fear he might eat 13, which would be unlucky.

A Popular Fallacy

Many people think that rheumatism cannot be cured. It is caused by a state of blood which deposits poisonous matter in the joints and muscles, causing lameness, stiffness and swelling of the joints and excruciating pains. Kidney Wort will certainly effect a cure. It acts on the kidneys, liver and bowels, stimulating them to healthy action, purifies and enriches the blood and eliminates the poison from the system. Go to the nearest druggist, buy Kidney Wort and be cured.

THERE are apprehensions that the new tariff baby, to which the Committee on Ways and Means has given birth, is too sweet to live.

A Genuine Surprise.

Many persons when suffering from rheumatism or neuralgia remain indifferent to what will benefit them, because they have tried a multitude of remedies in vain. Let no man or woman despond till Athlophoros has been tried. Says Rev. Charles E. Harris, New Haven: "Was advised to try Athlophoros for acute rheumatism, but paid no attention to it, regarding the specific as among the thousand and one other things advertised as cures. But after a time I tried it, and found that it acted like a charm. Have been quite free from the disease ever since.

HILL'S bonded whisky tax extension bill still lingers in its retiracy. The Democratic Congress is in a frying pan and fire fixed on that point.

A RIFLE that shoots 34 times in 20 seconds, without reloading. The Evans Rifle will do it, and do it well. Send for catalogue of this and hundreds of other fire-arms. Great Western Gun Works, Pittsburgh, Pa.

IT IS reported that Dr. Schliemann has gone to Marathon to examine a tumulus in the midst of a plain, which he thinks contains a cenotaph.

A GOOD name is more valuable than gold, so are Baxter's Mandrake Bitters. Sold by McNaughton.

FOOT and mouth disease prevails to an alarming extent among the Democratic cattle in the Ohio Legislature.

Fits Cured Six Years Ago.

"It has been six years since I was cured of fits," says Mr. W. Ford, of Wirt, Jefferson county, Ind. "Samaritan Nervine did it." And it always will, reader. $1.50 at Druggists.

OSMAN DIGNA has been badly whipped. Why this inDignaty?

IN THE Hop Porous Plaster the virtues of fresh hops are combined with strengthening and stimulating balsams, and its cures of weak back, pain in the side, rheumatism, and neuralgia or pain in the chest are simply marvellous, it being more efficacious and thorough than any liniment or liquid remedies. You'll say so after using.

AT THE Beach Park in Galveston, Texas, Mrs. Nellie Burke rode one hundred miles in four miles in four hours and fifty-five minutes, making forty changes, winning a purse of $1,000.

THOUSANDS walk the earth to-day who would be sleeping in its bosom but for the timely use of Downs' Elixir. Sold by McNaughton.

Diplomacy, According to "Monsieur."

The French *Figaro* publishes the following amusing incident, which is said to have taken place during one of the state dinners at Berlin, and at which the late Lord Beaconsfield and the Marquis of Salisbury were present:

Prince Bismarck, who is well known to be a great eater, filled his plate with cherries; the Marquis of Salisbury observed it.

"Prince," said he suddenly, "what you are doing is very unhealthy."

"What?" said Prince Bismarck, in astonishment.

"You have just swallowed two cherry-stones."

"You are mistaken," said the Prince, with marked coldness.

"Never!" replied Salisbury, with that hauteur which characterizes the proud English aristocracy.

"Monsieur le Marquis!" said Bismarck, his eyes shooting fire.

It was at this moment that Lord Beaconsfield came to the rescue.

"Perhaps," he insinuated, in his softest voice, "you are both right; your Highness must be so occupied with serious thoughts that you might inadvertently have swallowed a tiny stone.

"Two!" interrupted Salisbury, in a decided tone.

"Or two," continued Lord Beaconsfield as calmly as possible; "and you, my dear Lord, and colleague, enjoy such good sight that nothing escapes you. Now, Prince and Marquis, will you allow me to decide this difficult question?"

"How?" murmured Bismarck.

"Your plate, Highness, if you please."

This last was in English, the correspondent adding that Lord Beaconsfield was the only diplomatist at Berlin who never talked French. The plate was sent to Lord Beaconsfield, who at once emptied the contents on the table. All eyes were now fixed on him. With his long, bony, agile fingers, covered with precious stones, he began to arrange what looked more like a child's game than an occupation worthy of such a distinguished Minister. He put all the stones in a line, and placed a stem on each stone. Then in that clear, piercing voice that has so often moved the House of Commons, the English Prime Minister began to count one, two, three, and so on to forty-seven stones, and likewise with the stems till he had counted forty-nine. The proof was there—two stones were wanting.

Bismarck rose and said in an agitated voice: "Marquis, you are right!" then, turning, said in a loud voice: "Lord Beaconsfield, you are a great man!"

A Wit's Wit.

Before I conclude or forget let me tell you a few stories of Douglas Jerrold that I have heard, and which are well worth preservation. Frank Stone, a very nice fellow, is very disputatious, it seems; so Douglas has dubbed him "The Differential Calculus." Is not that good? One night at a supper party, a gentleman in fresh from the opera, and full of enthusiasm, especially about a certain air which had quite ravished him. "In fact," says he, "it quite carries me away." Jerrold said, "Is there no one who can whistle it?"

He once composed an epitaph for Charles Knight (by anticipation) which he declared the briefest on record, "Good night" (Knight). Well, Lord Nugent it seems, a great friend of Jerrold's, had pirated this joke, as he was used to do with many others, and it was repeated afterward as Lord Nugent's in Jerrold's hearing. At the theatrical party recently held at Sir Edward Bulwer's, Lord Nugent's illness was talked of, and some one said, "He is a fine, honest fellow is Lord N—." "Yes," said Jerrold, "you may trust him with your untold jokes." A Mr. H—, a young coxcomb, one day hearing people speak of age and appearance, said, "Jerrold, don't you think I look much younger than I am?" The reply was, "it is not your looks my boy, it is your conversation.—*Life and Letters of Dr. Hodgson.*

The Industrial Census of India.

British journals bring interesting details of the industrial census of India in 1881. The total population of the country is 253,801,821, and of this enormous number only 85,544 persons are British-born subjects, and 56,646 are soldiers and 12,088 females. Practically less than 17,000 male civilians, wielding an army of 56,000 men, control the vast empire. The whole number of Europeans returned is only 146,612. The occupations of 102,629,000 persons are defined, and of these 71,199,000 are engaged in agriculture or the care of animals. In industrial occupations 21,041,000 persons are engaged, 12,859,000 males and 8,182,000 females. The workers in cotton and flax number 5,485,455; in clothing, 2,815,280; in vegetable food, 3,165,429; in stone, clay and earthenware, 1,850,974; in houses and building, 837,453; in guns and resins, 702,526; in bamboo, cane rush, straw and leaves, 680,792; in gold, silver and precious stones 472,956, and in iron and steel only 473,361. Engaged in the work of government, national, local and municipal, are 1,843,000 persons, of whom 115,000 are classed as belonging to the army. The professional classes embrace 1,451,000 persons.

Camphor Matinees.

This is the latest craze of society. Ladies who are semi-invalids, and debarred from the pleasure of gay life, are invited to the house of one of their number, and requested to bring their bottles. The hostess receives them in stylish negligee and seated in a reclining position with her camphor bottle in her hand. Soon all the visitors are seated, bottles are produced, and the hostess opens the ball by uncorking her bottle and taking a preliminary sniff. Then all the guests take a sniff; then prolonged series of sniffs; meanwhile envious and distressed glances are directed to cut glass and decorated bottles and one lady upset the equilibrium of a whole company by appearing with colored camphor. The correct thing is an ordinary half-pint white bottle, with a cork stopper, but a red or blue ribbon may be tied round its neck. The effect on the camphor sniffer is said to be both soothing and exhilarating, but a few spiteful outsiders declare that it is a benefit to the complexion. Be this as it may, the fact remains that it is the very latest dissipation in the fluid refreshment line.

Kindergartens being under discussion in the California School Teacher's Convention, Mrs. A. Griffiths said that in her experience the kindergarten children had proved to be the most unmanageable youngsters of any she had ever tried to teach.

A dealer in patent collars and baby linen has been sending circulars to doctors in England offering a commission of 10 per cent on all orders.

Vital Questions!!

Ask the most eminent physician

Of any school, what is the best thing in the world for quieting and allaying all irritation of the nerves and curing all forms of nervous complaints, giving natural, childlike refreshing sleep always?

And they will tell you unhesitatingly

"Some form of Hops!"

CHAPTER I.

Ask any or all of the most eminent physicians:

"What is the best and only remedy that can be relied on to cure all diseases of the kidneys and urinary organs; such as Bright's disease, diabetes, retention or inability to retain urine and all the diseases and ailments peculiar to Women"—

And they will tell you explicitly and emphatically "Buchu."

Ask the same physicians

"What is the most reliable and surest cure for all liver diseases or dyspepsia, constipation, indigestion, biliousness, malarial fever ague, &c.," and they will tell you:

"Mandrake or Dandelion!"

Hence, when these remedies are combined with others equally valuable

And compounded into Hop Bitters, such a wonderful and mysterious curative power is developed which is so varied in its operations that no disease or ill health can possibly exist, or resist its power, and yet it is

Harmless for the most frail woman, weakest invalid or smallest child to use.

CHAPTER II.

"Patients"

"Almost dead or nearly dying

For years, and given up by physicians of Bright's and other kidney diseases, liver complaints, severe coughs called consumption, have been cured.

Women gone nearly crazy!

From agony of neuralgia, nervousness, wakefulness and various diseases peculiar to women.

People drawn out of shape from excruciating pangs of Rheumatism.

Inflammatory and chronic, or suffering from scrofula!

Erysipelas!

Salt rheum, blood poisoning, dyspepsia, indigestion, and in fact almost all diseases frail Nature is heir to

Have been cured by Hop Bitters, proof of which can be found in every neighborhood in the known world.

FITS: All Fits stopped free by Dr. Kline's Great nerve Restorer. No fits after first day's use. Marvelous cures. Treatise and $2.00 trial bottle free to all Fit cases. Send to Dr Kline, 931 Arch St., Phila., Pa. CANCER INSTITUTE, 931, Arch St., Phila., Pa. Go to it.

PILES! PILES!! PILES!!! A sure cure for Blind, Bleeding, Itching and Ulcerated Piles, has been discovered by Dr. William, (an Indian remedy,) called DR. WILLIAM'S INDIAN OINTMENT. A single box has cured the worst chronic cases of twenty-five years' standing. No one need suffer five minutes after applying this wonderful soothing medicine. Ointment and Instruments do more harm than good. William's Ointment absorbs the tumors, allays the intense itching, (particularly at night after getting warm in bed,) acts as a poultice, gives instant and painless relief, and is prepared only for Piles, Itching of the private parts, and for nothing else.

For sale by all druggists and mailed on receipt of price, $1.00. Sold by M. W. McNaughton & Co. Coshocton, O.

A Remarkable Case.

DR HARTMAN—Dear Sir, I am induced by a sense of duty to the suffering to make a brief statement of your remarkable cure of myself. I was a most miserable sufferer from various diseases, which caused me to be confined to my bed for a long time, being too weak to bear my weight upon my feet. I was treated by the most reputable physicians in our city, each and all saying they could do nothing for me. I had given up all hope of ever being well again. In this condition, I began to use your PERUNA, and am most happy to say in three months I was perfectly well, without any appliances or support of any kind.

Yours truly, MRS. HENRY ELLIS,
552 Scott street, Milwaukee Wis.

Find her certificate and affidavit on page 31 in the "Ills of Life," a pamphlet. Ask your druggist for one.

Legal Notice.

The undersigned Trustees of the Methodist Episcopal Church Society, of the village of Spring Mountain, in Coshocton county, Ohio hereby give notice, that on the 11th day of March, 1884, they filed their petition in the Court of Common Pleas of Coshocton county Ohio, asking for authority to sell the following real estate situate in the village of Spring Mountain, in the county of Coshocton, Ohio hold in trust for said Religious Society to wit: Lot numbered four (4), in the village of Spring Mountain, (formerly called Van Buren) as the same is marked and delineated on the recorded plat of said village.

Said petition will be for hearing on the first day of the April Term, A. D., 1884, of said Court, or as soon thereafter as counsel can be heard.

SILAS MOORE,
JOHN W. WINSLOW,
JOHN F. HASTINGS,
ISAAC BAKER,
JOHN A. WEATHERWAX,

Mar13.

Administrator's Notice

NOTICE is hereby given that the undersigned has been appointed and qualified as Administrator of the Estate of Samuel J. Buckmaster, late of Coshocton county, deceased. Dated this 26th day of February, A. D., 1884. JOHN THORN.

Mar6-3w.

Notice to Bridge Builders.

Sealed proposals will be received at the Auditor's office, in Coshocton county, Ohio until 1 o'clock P. M.,

Tuesday, April 8th, 1884,

For the furnish

Disfiguring HUMORS,

Itching and Burning Tortures, Humiliating Eruptions, such as

SALT RHEUM or Eczema, Psorasis, Scald Head, Infantile or Birth Humors, and every form of Itching, Scaly, Pimply, Scrofulous, Inherited, Contagious, and Copper-Colored Diseases of the Blood, Skin and Scalp, with Loss of Hair are positively cured by the CUTICURA REMEDIES.

Cuticura Resolvent the new blood purifier, cleanses the blood and perspiration of impurities and poisonous elements, and thus removes the cause.

Cuticura, the great Skin Cure, instantly allays itching and Inflamation, clears the Skin and Scalp, heals Ulcers and Sores, and restores the Hair.

Cuticura Soap, an exquisite Skin Beautifier and Toilet Requisite, prepared from CUTICURA, is indispensable in treating Skin Diseases, Baby Humors, Skin Blemishes, Rough, Chapped, or Oily Skin.

Cuticura Remedies are absolutely pure, and the only real Blood Purifiers and Skin Beautifiers, free from mercury, arsenic, or any other mineral or vegitable poison, whatever.

It Would require this entire paper to do justice to a description of the cures CUTICURA RESOLVENT internally, and CUTICURA and CUTICURA SOAP externally.

Eczema of the palms of the hands and of the ends of the fingers, very difficult to treat and usually considered incurable; small patches of tetter and salt rheum on the ears, nose, and sides of the face.

Scalled Heads with loss of hair without number, heads covered with dandruff and scaly eruptions, especially of children and infants, many of which since birth had been a mass of scabs;

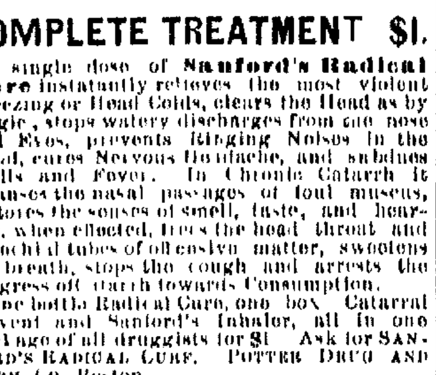
Itching, burning, and scaly tortures that baffled even relief from ordinary remedies, soothed and healed as by magic.

Psoriasis, leprosy, and other frightful forms of skin diseases, scrofulous ulcers, old discharging wounds, each and all of which have been cured by the CUTICURA REMEDIES.

Sold everywhere. Price: CUTICURA, 50 cts, RESOLVENT, $1.00; SOAP 25 cts. POTTER DRUG AND CHEMICAL CO., Boston, Mass.

Send for "How to Cure Skin Diseases."

CATARRH



COMPLETE TREATMENT $1.

A single dose of **Sanford's Radical Cure** instantly relieves the most violent Sneezing or Head Colds, clears the Head as by magic, stops watery discharges from the nose and Eyes, prevents Ringing Noises in the Head, cures Nervous Headache, and subdues Chills and Fever. In Chronic Catarrh it cleanses the nasal passages of foul mucus, restores the senses of smell, taste, and hearing, when effected, frees the head, throat and bronchial tubes of offensive matter, sweetens the breath, stops the cough and arrests the progress of Catarrh towards Consumption.

One bottle Radical Cure, one box Catarrhal Solvent and Sanford's Inhaler, all in one package of all druggists for $1. Ask for SANFORD'S RADICAL CURE. POTTER DRUG AND CHEM CO. Boston

PAIN IS THE CRY OF A SUFFERING NERVE

Collins' Voltiac Electric Plaster instantly effects the Nervous System and banishes Pain. A perfect **Electric Battery Combined with a Porous Plaster for** 25 cents. It annihilates Pain, vitalizes Weak and Worn Out Parts, strengthens Tired Muscles, prevents Disease, and does more in one half the time than any other plaster in the world. Sold everywhere.

TOBACCO CHEWERS

A REWARD

Of $555 CASH, 1,000 Imported Novelty Pocket Knives and 5,000 pounds of the Great

ZOO-ZOO

CHEWING TOBACCO TO BE GIVEN AWAY!

EVERY CONSUMER saving over 30 tags will be REWARDED. $100 to 1st, $90 to 2d, $80 to 3d, $70 to 4th, $60 to 5th, $60 to 6th, $10 to 7th, $30 to 8th, $20 to 9th, $10 to 10th, $5 to 11th, 1,000 imported Pocket Knives worth $1 each, and 5,000 pounds ZOO-ZOO Plug Tobacco, to be given in rotation, the largest number of tags returned will receive the first reward, $100 Cash, see nd highest, $90, and so on down to a 10ct. plug of ZOO-ZOO tobacco. These Christmas and New Year rewards will be distributed between December 25th and January 1st. Chew this delightful tobacco, the best ever made. Save the tags and send them by mail, between December 15th and 25th, to the

WILSON & McCALLAY TOBACCO CO. MIDDLETOWN, OHIO.

Cut address out and paste on Envelope. This is THE FINEST POUND PLUG EVER MADE. ASK YOUR DEALER FOR ZOO-ZOO. Insist on having it and you will use no other.

TID BITS

"A delicate bit, a rarity, such a thing"—Encyclopædia

SOLD BY STOREKEEPERS!

H. A. BARTLETT & CO., Makers, 113, 115 and 117 N. Front St., Phila, Pa.

(Continued from last week.)

How Watch Cases are Made.

The many great improvements introduced in the manufacture of the Jas. Boss' Gold Watch Case, have led to similar improvements in the making of silver cases.

Under the old methods, each part of a silver case was made of several pieces of metal soldered together, requiring a great amount of cutting and soldering, which softened the metal and gave it the pliability of lead rather than the elasticity of silver.

Under the improved methods, each part of the Keystone Silver Watch Case is made of one solid piece of metal hammered into shape. The advantages are readily apparent, for every one knows that hammering hardens the metal while soldering softens it.

To test the superiority of the Keystone Silver Watch Case, take one of 3 oz. weight, press it squarely in the center when closed, and it will not give, while a case of same weight of any other make will give enough to break the crystal. The Keystone Silver Watch Case is made only with silver cap and gold joints.

Send 3 cent stamp to Keystone Watch Case Factories, Philadelphia, Pa., for handsome Illustrated Pamphlet showing how James Boss' and Keystone Watch Cases are made.

(To be continued.)

FARM FOR SALE.

193 Acres in Washington Township, Coshocton County.

145 cleared, 125 in grass, 50 acres of bottom, timber principally Oak, Chestnut and Poplar. Farm is in good condition, well watered, good spring at the kitchen door. The buildings consist of a frame house of eight rooms, a log barn 20X60, log stable, a grain house 24X28, corn crib and wagon shed, and other outbuildings; 2 young orchards of apples, peaches and grapes. Two miles from New Moscow, 3 from Wakatomika. Convenient to church and school. For further information address

JOHN F. HAMILTON.

Business in the Lime Kiln Club.

"I would respeckfully announce," said Brother Gardner, as the triangle sounded its closing note, "dat de Rt. Hon.' Buckboard Scruggs am in de aunty-room an' desiahs to deliber his celebrated lecktur' on de subjick of co'ns, chilblains and sich. Shall he be admitted an' purmitted?"

Judge Cadaver moved that the lecturer be invited to speak his piece, and the motion unanimously prevailed. The committee was requested to escort him in, and as he passed up the hall, blowing to the right and left, he seemed to be a man about forty-five years old, bald-headed, a mouth large enough to take in a school-reader, with a prominent nose and a limp to his left leg. After being introduced he reached over and drank the pint of cold tea which Waydown Bebee had brought down for his individual use, and began:

FELLER NATIVES: My objick in arrovin heah at dis perticklar time am to discuss a matter dat closly consarns de hull cull'd race of dis kentry. De co'n seems to be carnivorous, omniverous, an' mighty familiar on short notice. It lies down wid de rich, gits up wid de poo', an' stands right by you widout strikin' for higher wages. What causes co'ns? In olden times de co'n was supposed to be a speshul mark of good luck. De feller who could show six or seven of 'em on one heel was made gub'nor ober a province an' allowed to keep half a dozen dogs. De little bunch was said to contain a pearl seventeen carrots fine, an' people went 'round cryin' an' lamentin' bekase dey had no co'ns.

"In dose modern days we know dat co'ns am caused by a temporary suspenshun of de circulashun of the blood, mixed wid mo' or less reackshun an' abrashun. So far as we know de pearls found on de inside can't be used for fish bait, an' am darfo' a dead loss to de kentry. When you heah any one gwine around cryin' you kin bet a spotted calf agin a peck of dirt dat dey ain't weepin' fur co'ns.

"De chilblain differs slightly from de co'n," continued the orator, dropping a troche into his mouth. "It doan' bunch up an' come to a head in one perticklor spot. While de co'n am satisfied to cotch on to a toe an' hang dar fur a month or two, de chilblain comes purrin' round de heel, good-natured as an ole cat. It kinder tickles ye fur a day or two, an' you step higher an' feel like takin' your fadder out of the poo' house. But while you am wishin' you could buy 400 barrels of flour fur 400 widders an' orphans dat chilblain begins to hunt around fur mo' ground. Arter he kivers de heel he creeps for'd to de instep, skulks to de toes, an' fust you know you am huntin' for a butejack and a currycomb. He has come to stay all winter an' late into spring. You can't coax, hire nor scare him away. In olden days de chilblain was supposed to arise from too much brains in de head. De man who had 'em was considered a sort of double-ender statesman, an' people looked up to his heels as well as his head. In dose times we know dat de chilblain am caused by a sort of spontaneous emblomatical corruscashun of de epidermis at a critical period. All dat brains has to do in de case am to invent a cure for de complaint.

"I had intended to disgress a few translashuns on de subjeck of bunions, bow-legs, sittin' down on a dog an' pickin' up a hot cent in front of a saloon, but I see dat de time allowed by your rules am almost displred. Let me add, in conclushun, dat I am puryided wid a box of knives, gimlets, drawshaves, pick-axes, acids, pincers an' razors, togeder wid a full supply of salves, plasters, wax, an' so fo'th an' arter de close of de meetin' I shall be pleased to experiment on all members free of expense. I will now remark: *Cum solis curanter pluribus Cicero tremens simulibus General Jackson*, and thank you for your heedless attentions to my unfeeling remarks."

The Life of a French Girl.

The following is a well-known physician's story: He had gone to visit one of his lady patients, but found her out. But her daughter, a girl of 15, was snugly coiled on the sofa, so deeply interested in a book that she did not even perceive the visitor's presence. "What are you reading, my dear, that interests you so much?" asked the doctor. "A book that papa has forbidden mamma to read, and which is going back to the library by and by." That girl was probably brought up, says the London *Globe*, in the old-fashioned way. Notwithstanding her age, she had never been in the street by herself; when she went out of doors to take a music or other lesson, the maid accompanied her. On her constitutionals the mother mounted guard on one side, the father, imposing as the beadle of the Madeleine, on the other. The girl's instructions were to look neither to the left nor right, to walk straight, to turn her head away or drop her eyelids when a stranger glanced at her; to reply in monosyllables when addressed by her parents' friends. From time to time she enjoyed a morning stroll through the Jardin des Plantes or Acclimatation, and a lesson of zoology with the chill on. The bronze statuary in the former gardens was avoided at any cost. Of carpet dances with her little friends, of pantomimes and good classical concerts, not a whisper. To bed regularly at half-past 8; now and then, for a treat, at 10. At Berlin wool work in the drawing-room with her mother when there were no guests. Reasons of providence have probably made her an only child. If she has a little brother he is packed off to college at 7. Such books as she is given to read are either mawkish or dreary. Adventures and travels are for boys. They discuss questions a young girl should know nothing of; the illustrations lack the philosophy of clothes perhaps; a cat or a bird, a colley dog or poodle, to scramble across the Bois de Boulogne with is out of the question. The exercise would spoil the young lady's toilet; she might run herself into a perspiration, and catch cold afterward. Of education in the best acceptation of the term, she has none. She is betrothed at last to a young man, or more likely to a middle-aged one, upon whom she has never set eyes until he stands confessed as her future husband, and she marries him as her mother married her father. She thinks no more of opposing her parents' wishes than did the former. Why should she? Ten chances to one she has never spoken to any male being short of 50, since in most bourgeois families where there is a marriageable daughter, male cousins, be they the veriest louts, are held at bay, unless they are ostentatiously encouraged in their visits. In the latter case you may take the father's banker's book for granted; but even then they are not allowed to be alone.

The sand of the Desert of Sahara is of a yellow color, and consists of about 90 per cent of well-rounded quartz grains and 9 per cent of feldspar.

No Yankees Need Apply.

Mr. Matthew Arnold is said to complain bitterly of the prices of our American hotels. He probably never stopped at an English hotel, and does not know with what facility a London caravansary will pile up a list of charges amounting to five dollars or more a day for one-half the comforts and accommodations the same money would purchase in Boston, New York or Washington. The London hotels are often extortionate and generally dirty. There is not a first-class elevator—"lift," they call it—anywhere in Europe. The attendance is usually good enough, but I defy any person to get away from a London hotel comfortably without feeing at least four persons. I go on pointing out the failings and exasperations of English hotels, but the subject is not a particularly pleasant one.

While I am on the subject I want to warn the uninitiated against an awkward experience that may come to them. The best hotel in London is probably the new Grand hotel in Trafalgar square. It is very large and handsomely appointed. It is a rule of the house to exclude all American travelers, unless they are known to be very rich or are introduced by some person of distinction. This business of getting introduced at a large hotel is one of the wrinkles confined exclusively to the English metropolis. Why is this, do you ask? I will tell you. A gentleman resident in Washington, whose appearance indicates a nationality of the south of Europe, happened to be admitted at the Grand this summer "on his merits," so to speak—that is without the intercession of any other person in his behalf. He was standing in the vestibule one day near the door of the secretary's office, when a party of good-looking New Yorkers called and asked for rooms. They were promptly told that the house was quite full, and there was no hope of obtaining quarters for several days. After they had gone out the "secretary"—as they call a hotel clerk over there—remarked to his associates, "I'm not going to have this hotel filled with damned ice-water-drinking Yankees." The fault found with our compatriots, it appears, is not that they are personally so objectionable, but that their habits are too abstemious. Their wine bills are not large enough, and so if you bear any of the marks of an American about you, either get promptly introduced or else keep away from the Grand hotel. If you want to see pure, unadulterated British insolence, however, it may be worth while just to call on the "secretary" and listen to the supreme superciliousness with which he tells you that all his rooms are engaged fully one week ahead. —*Washington Capital.*

First Aid to the Injured.

1. Bites of all sorts are painful, and if not treated with expedition and skill they sometimes prove very dangerous. The most common kinds are those received from dogs mosquitoes and bears. The rarest kinds are trilobites and Jacobites.

2. One seldom if ever gets a bite when out fishing.

3. If about to be bitten by a dog, while serenading or foraging in a melon patch, immediately take some violent exercise in order to preserve a good circulation. For instance, run a mile or so without stopping.

4. Never stop running because there is a man with a club apparently chasing the dog—sometimes he is encouraging him.

5. If this does not accelerate the action of the heart, climb the nearest tree.

6. Do not get down again for the purpose of rescuing the sample of your trousers. This is one of the dog's perquisites and he wants it for his scrap-book.

7. When a mosquito begins to bite do not slap him. Some authorities insist that you should let him finish and then offer him a toothpick and an after dinner cigar.

8. The above rule applies strictly to mosquitoes and must not be extended to include dogs or bears.

9. On suddenly entering a parlor where the mistletoe hangs, you may surprise a young man apparently in the act of biting a young lady on the cheek. The symptoms which follow this generally include violent blushing and a tendency to talk about the weather. The most popular remedy is a solitaire ring applied to the third finger of the young lady's left hand.—*Life.*

"Papa, Take Me."

A young lady with a gentleman escort, whom I recognized as a prominent young physician, entered a Washington avenue car in which I was taking a ride, one day last week. They were chatting gayly, and were altogether very happy looking. Next to the young doctor sat a pretty young mother holding a pretty child. The doctor was devoting himself assiduously to his charming companion, when the child, looking up into his manly face, gave a scream of delight, which attracted the attention of every one in the car, and holding up its hands, cried: "Papa, papa, take me!" The young physician looked at the crowing youngster, and then at the surrounding faces, where smiles were beginning to break, and reddened up. The little one kept it up, the smiles got broader, and the blush grew deeper. The situation became painful until the child, in spite of its mother's efforts, pulled itself up to the doctor's shoulders and tried to get its arms around his neck, repeating the most endearing terms. This was more than he could stand, and, shaking it off, he rose abruptly and retired to the platform with a face like the rising sun. The enjoyment of the scene inside was suppressed but intense.—*St. Louis Post-Dispatch.*

A Lady's Perfect Companion,

PAINLESS CHILDBIRTH, a new book, tells how any woman may become a mother without suffering any pain whatever. It also tells how to prevent and overcome morning sickness, swelled limbs, and all other evils attending pregnancy. Physicians highly recommend it as the wife's true private companion. Send two-cent stamp for full descriptive circular, testimonials, and confidential letter sent in sealed envelope. Address, FRANK THOMAS & CO., Pubs, Baltimore, Md.

Jan19-p3m.-1y.

Advice to Mothers.

Are you disturbed at night and broken of your rest by a sick child suffering and crying with pain of cutting teeth? If so, send at once and get a bottle of MRS. WINSLOWS SOOTHING SYRUP FOR CHILDREN TEETHING. Its value is incalculable. It will relieve the poor little sufferer immediately. Depend upon it mothers there is no mistake about it. It cures dysentery and diarrhoea, regulates the stomach and bowels, cures wind colic, softens the gums, reduces inflamation, and gives tone and energy to the whole system. MRS. WINSLOWS SYRUP FOR CHILDREN TEETHING is pleasant to the taste, and is the prescription of one of the oldest and best female physicians and nurses in the United States, and is for sale by all druggists throughout the world. Price 25 cents per bottle. July 14; 1yr.

$66 a week at home $5.00 outfit free. Pay absolutely sure. No risk. Capital not required. Reader, if you want business at which persons of either sex, young or old, can make great pay all the time they work, with absolute certainty, write for particulars to H. HALLETT & Co., Portland, Maine.

WIT AND HUMOR.

Amenities of the tennis lawn: She—Yours or mine, Sir Charles? He—Yours—aw'fly yours.

The small boy who hangs around the parlor and makes faces at his sister's beau should be punished for contempt of court.

"What a beautiful thing, my dear, is a rosy cheek!" "Yes, husband, but how great the contrast when the blush settles on the nose."

A man named Gasbill wished to change his name because his girl always objected to his figure whenever he'd meter. She said he was too high, and turned him off.

Probably the meanest thing that a man ever said was uttered by Fogg the other day. Being asked his idea of the best remedy for polygamy he replied: "Mrs. Fogg."

The deep bass of the organ ceased suddenly in a church in Lewiston, Me., when a lady's voice was heard by the whole congregation, distinctly, to declare, "I don't care one bit; I do want a piano."

Tying a man's hands behind his back and placing him where he can' snap at doughnuts, tied on a string tied on a level with his mouth, the string being agitated by a friend, is a new holiday game in the interior of California.

A medical writer says that girls are so constructed that they cannot jump. If he is a respectable young man let him propose matrimony to one of the girls and he'll soon see her jump—at the offer.

She—I am fond of poetry. He—Are you, indeed? So am I. Do you like Burns? She—No, indeed; they are so extressing. But, then, I am not troubled much with them, as ma does all the cooking.

An advertisement in a Swiss paper says: "Wanted, a servant who knows how to cook and take care of children." In the cannibal islands a domestic possessed of such a double gift would not long remain without employment.

El Vennor Mahdi, the False Prophet of Egypt, is possessed of one commendable trait, anyhow. He may butcher his captives and pillage towns, but he has never published an almanac. There is some latent good in all men.

A magazine writer asks: "How shall we utilize the Indians?" This is a difficult question to answer, but perhaps the best plan would be to petrify them and sell them for cigar-store signs. This idea is worthy of consideration, anyhow.

The man who goes 'round tapping the car wheels and tightning bolts at every stop on a line of railroad is put down on the pay-roll as a "monkey-wrencher," just as the young woman in a telephone central office is set down in the books as a "hellooer."

A farmer's daughter in the west of England received a hairy poodle dog from a friend in town. The unsophisticated damsel wrote back, thanking her friend for the present, and saying that she found it very handy, when tied to a stick, to clean windows with.

Dentist "The man who wins that girl will get a treasure." Customer—"She looks like a very charming creature, that is a fact. Is she wealthy?" Dentist—"Wealthy! Well, I should say so. She has $500 worth of gold in her teeth alone."

Merited Rebuke—First Amateur (after a soprano tornado): "Thank goodness! That's over! Regular screech owl, isn't she?" Second Amateur: "You idiot! That's just all you know about it. Why, her father's worth trillions!"

"Now, wouldn't you call me good-looking?" asked an up-town swell of his companion at a ball. "I certainly should—all except one feature," answered she. "Which is that?" he asked. She eyed him over quizzically for a moment and then frankly replied, "Your cheek!"

A pearl necklace owned by a New York lady is valued at $100,000, and yet the pleasure she derives from wearing it is as skim milk beside golden cream when compared with the pleasure the Dakota girl experiences while wearing a necklace composed of a strong, honest arm. This is semi-official, but it can be rolled on as being correct.—*Bismarck Tribune.*

"Ah, old fellow," said a gentleman, meeting another, "so you are married at last. Allow me to congratulate you for I hear you have an excellent and accomplished wife." "I have, indeed," was the reply; "she is *so* accomplished. Why, sir, she is perfectly at home in literature; at home in music; at home in art; at home in science—in short, at home everywhere, except——" "Except what?" "Except at home."

"Allow me to compliment you on the last issue of your paper," said a gentleman to an editor. "I think it is the best number that you have ever issued." "Your kind words are too late," the editor replied, "for with the last issue I suspend the publication of the *Horn*." "Yes, I know," joined the friend, "and that's why I thought the last issue was the best."—*Exchange.*

A burly, weather-beaten tramp recently entered a bank, and addressing the urbane cashier, asked for five shillings. "Five shillings!" exclaimed the cashier, "isn't that rather high? I should think three-pence would be about your size, wouldn't it?" "Wel," said the tramp, "if you think you understand this begging business better than I do, perhaps we had best change places. If it suits you I'm agreeable."

In an elevated railroad car a modest-looking man was conversing pleasantly with a well-dressed woman, who perhaps might be called a young one, and the conversation grew social and familiar. "You don't know how old I am," said the lady. "Haven't an idea," said the gentleman. "Well, now, just guess," returned the companion, when the door opened and the conductor put his head in and shouted "forty-two." The conversation was turned.

One of the French prisoners in Berlin during the last war between France and Prussia, who was earning some money by making shoes, was a very good-natured fellow, who, like Mark Tapley, seemed determined to make the most of the situation. When taunted by a Prussian as being a captive, and asked what had become of French boasting now, he undauntedly replied: "French boasting, indeed! We said we should be in Berlin in three weeks, *and here we are!*

A writer in a juvenile magazine lately gathered a number of dictionary words as defined by certain small people, of which the following seem to be genuine: "Dust—Mud with the juice squeezed out. Fan—A thing to brush warm off with. Ice—Water that stayed out in the cold and went to sleep. Monkey—A very small boy with a tail. Pig—A hog's little boy. Salt—What makes your potatoes taste bad when you don't put any on. Snoring—Letting off sleep. Wakefulness—Eyes all the time coming unbuttoned."

LIVES OF PAIN

RHEUMATISM and NEURALGIA have long enough run riot in the human system.

They have tormented the human family and defied the medical faculty; from time out of memory they have corrupted the blood, demoralized the joints, vexed the nerves, agonized the muscles and racked the brain with wearying pain.

"ATHLOPHOROS" is the enemy of Rheumatism and Neuralgia, repairs their damages, renews the blood, eases the joints, calms the nerves, soothes the muscles, gives rest and peace to the troubled brain, and ensures delightful sleep.

"ATHLOPHOROS" is a new remedy, but it has been abundantly tried. From far and near come testimonials from well-known persons who had long been sufferers. It has turned their diseases out. It has cured them. That is all,—and that is enough.

"ATHLOPHOROS" can do for you what it has done for those sufferers. It can drive out your Rheumatism and Neuralgia, and will do so if you give it a fair trial.

"ATHLOPHOROS" has by this time had such a good trial all over the country that its true work is known, and its true character proved.

"ATHLOPHOROS" means "Prize-Bearer;" "Victor;" "Conqueror." It carries off the prize as VICTOR over the attacks of these terrible maladies, and CONQUEROR of the frightful agonies their victims have endured. Not a mere temporary relief, but a permanent, enduring, and triumphant cure.

If you cannot get ATHLOPHOROS of your druggist, we will send it express paid, on receipt of regular price—one dollar per bottle. We prefer that you buy it from your druggist, but if he hasn't it, do not be persuaded to try something else, but order at once from us as directed.

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Are your nerves weak? "Kidney Wort cured me from nervous weakness &c., after I was not expected to live."—Mrs. M. M. B. Goodwin, Ed. *Christian Monitor* Cleveland, O.

Have you Bright's Disease? "Kidney Wort cured me when my water was just like chalk and then like blood." Frank Wilson, Peabody, Mass.

Suffering from Diabetes? "Kidney-Wort is the most successful remedy I have ever used. Gives almost immediate relief." Dr. Phillip C. Ballou, Monkton, Vt.

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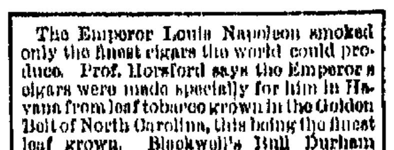

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I have a positive remedy for the above disease; by its use thousands of cases of the worst kind and of long standing have been cured. Indeed, so strong is my faith in its efficacy, that I will send TWO BOTTLES FREE, together with a VALUABLE TREATISE on this disease, to any sufferer. Give express and P. O. address. DR. T. A. SLOCUM, 181 Pearl St., New York.

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THE BUCKEYE PLANING MILL CO.

All kinds of Shop work a specialty. Wood Turning and Stair Building done in the best style and at reasonable prices. All kinds of

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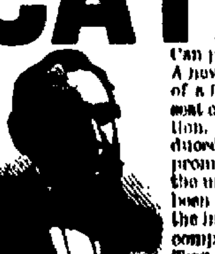
Come and see us if you wish to purchase anything in our line. may 1 6m.

CATARRH IN THE HEAD



TRADE MARK.

Can positively be cured by using DR. P. HALL'S CATARRH REMEDY. A new compound, entirely different from all other preparations. It is in the form of a fine ointment which is easily applied in the nostrils and ears, and reaches the seat of the disease by absorption. Pleasant to the smell, and most efficient in operation. For Hay Fever, also impaired Hearing, Sight, Smell and Taste, produced by Catarrhal disease, it is a positive cure. The most noted Physicians and prominent Druggists all over the land have given it their endorsement. We have the unsolicited testimonials of hundreds of prominent and reliable men, who have been permanently cured. Do not be humbugged by nostrums, prepared by the inexperienced and unreliable, but insist upon having this Excellent Remedy, compounded by a Physician who has made this disease a study for 20 years. Two to four bottles generally sufficient to effect an entire cure. Satisfaction guaranteed or Money refunded. It is a positive cure for Ear-ache. For sale by Druggists. Also sent by mail, post paid, upon receipt of 50c. single bottle, package of two bottles, $1.00. Circulars and testimonials free.

Address DR. P. HALL, Wholesale and Retail Druggist, 630 State Street, Erie, Pa.

CAUTION.—Beware of counterfeits or imitations. The above Trade Mark will be found on every bottle, and do not buy without it.

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of all kinds furnished on call, with or without Hearse.

RICKETTS' BLOCK, Main Street, COSHOCTON, OHIO

NOTICE TO TEACHERS.

The Board of School Examiners of Coshocton county, will meet at the

Old Union School House,

COR. THIRD & SYCAMORE STS.,

COSHOCTON, OHIO,

Second and fourth Saturdays of March, April September, October, November, and December, and on the fourth Saturday the remaining months of the year.

Examinations will commence promptly at

—NINE O'CLOCK, A. M.—

Each applicant will be required to pay to the Board of Examiners, before entering upon examination, a fee of

—FIFTY CENTS.—

Applicants are also required to furnish a stamped envelope with their address written thereon, on which the result of their examination will be forwarded to them by mail.

Farm For Sale.

One of the best Agricultural and Stock Farms in Caldwell county, situate 4 miles west and 2 miles south of Kingston, and 1½ miles east of Mirable, containing 310 acres. 140 acres in the farm proper, and 100 acres of timber and blue grass pasture land, 40 acres of it fenced; has 2 good dwelling houses, one has 10 rooms and a cellar, a good barn and other outbuildings; the other one has 6 rooms (one not finished), stable, crib, etc., and the finest bearing apple orchard of select fruit in the county, of about 8 acres. A healthy and beautiful location, and in a good neighborhood. Will sell the farm of 240 acres with 40 or 60 acres of timber at prices according to division, or the 310 acres as previously advertised, or will divide it into two farms, and prices to suit each one. Will give possession at any time. Title perfect. See diagram of land at this office. For further particulars call on or address,

ELIAS LANKFORD, Mirabile, Mo.

Feb2-3m.

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TOBACCO

Is the best combination of the

CHOICEST LEAF, PUREST SWEETENING, DELICIOUS FLAVORING.

It is unequalled, and is the

GREAT AMERICAN CHEW

A TRIAL WILL CONVINCE YOU

That the Old Favorite

WIGWAM

And the New Favorite

WIDE AWAKE

Are the best SMOKING TOBACCOS of the day.

SPENCE BROS. & CO., Cincinnati.

FARM FOR SALE.

300 ACRES.

Four miles from Coshocton and one mile from Keene, Ohio, on Millersburg road. 240 acres cleared, 150 acres good bottom land, 60 acres timber. Frame house 42X28 one and a half stories, with one story addition 20X18, in all 13 rooms. Frame barn 76X40, with frame basement for horses, sheep and cattle, and room above for 100 tons of hay. Two frame sheep houses 40X22, 14 foot posts. Grainery and carria ge house 28X18 one and a half stories. Corn crib 48X8, 9 foot posts, and all other necessary outbuildings. Also tenant house on premises. Buildings mostly new and in good repair. Plenty of living water, good fences, bearing orchards, &c. For terms call on premises, or address the subscriber,

June23-tf. G. W. NORMAN, Aurora, Nebraska.

T. C. TAYLOR & CO,

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COMMISSION MERCHANTS,

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SPECIAL ATTENTION GIVEN TO FILLING ORDERS FOR

Corn, Oats, Bran & Wheat.

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Feb7-3mo.

PATENTS

E. M. MARBLE,

(Late Commissioner of Patents.)

Obtains patents for inventions in this and foreign countries. Will also attend to patent cases in the United States Courts. Office, Le Droit Building, Washington, D. C.

GOLD for the working class. Send 10 cents for postage, and we will mail you free a royal, valuable box of sample goods that will put you in the way of making more money in a few days than you ever thought possible at any business. Capital not required. We will start you. You can work all the time or in spare time only. The work is universally adapted to both sexes, young and old. You can easily earn from 50 cents to $5 every evening. That all who want work may test the business, we make this unparalleled offer; to all who are not well satisfied we will send $1 to pay for the trouble of writing us. Full particulars, directions, etc., sent free. Fortunes will be made by those who give their whole time to the work. Great success absolutely sure. Don't delay. Start now. Address STINSON & CO., Portland, Maine.

TIME TABLE.

(PITTSBURGH, CINCINNATI & ST. LOUIS R'Y.,

PAN-HANDLE ROUTE.

(Corrected January 13th, 1884.)

Trains depart at P. C. and St. L. Ry. Depot at Coshocton, as follows:

GOING WEST.

	Depart.
Western Express	*12:42 p. m.
Mail Express	*5:27 p. m.
Cincinnati Express	*12:55 a. m.
Fast Line	*3:18 a. m.
Columbus Accommodation	+6:14 a. m.
Local Freight	‡8:30 a m

GOING EAST.

	Depart
Limited Express	*1:18 a. m
Day Express	*2:19 a. m
Eastern Express	*10:10 a. m.
Fast Line	*2:12 p. m.
Dennison Accommodation	+7:10 p. m.
Local Freight	‡12:50 p m

*Every day. †Except Sunday.

Through coaches from Coshocton to Pittsburgh, Columbus, Cincinnati, Indianapolis and St. Louis.

Pullman Palace sleeping cars from Coshocton to Harrisburg, Philadelphia, New York Columbus, Dayton, Cincinnati, Louisville, Indianapolis and St. Louis.

For time tables, rates of fare, through tickets and further information regarding the running of trains, apply to W. H. Parrish, Ticket Agent, Coshocton, O.

Trains run by Central Standard time, which is 28 minutes slower than Coshocton time.

JAS. McCREA, Manager, Columbus, O. E. A. FORD, Gen. Pass.& Tick't Agt., Pittsburgh, Pa.

FITS STOPPED FREE

Marvelous success. Insane Persons Restored. Dr. KLINE'S GREAT NERVE RESTORER for all BRAIN & NERVE DISEASES. *Only sure cure for Nerve Affections, Fits, Epilepsy, etc.* INFALLIBLE if taken as directed. *No Fits after first day's use.* Treatise and $2 trial bottle free to Fit patients, they paying express charges on box when received. Send names, P. O. and express address of afflicted to Dr. KLINE, 931 Arch St., Philadelphia, Pa. See Druggists. BEWARE OF IMITATING FRAUDS.

An Only Daughter Cured of Consumption.

When death was hourly expected, all remedies having failed, and Dr. H. James was experimenting with the many herbs of Calcutta, he accidentally made a preparation which cured his only child of Consumption. His child is now in this country, and enjoying the best of health. He has proved to the world that Consumption can be positively and permanently cured. The Doctor now gives this recipe free, only asking two 3-cent stamps to pay expenses. This Herb also cures Night Sweats, Nausea of the Stomach, and will break up a fresh cold in twenty-four hours. Address CRADDOCK & CO., 1,032 Race Street, Philadelphia, naming this paper.

DAKOTA

The CHICAGO & NORTHWESTERN RAILWAY now has for sale the CHOICEST FARMING LANDS in the famous Garden Belt of Southern Minnesota and Dakota at from $3 to $8 per acre, ON TERMS that are within the reach of everyone. Secure a new farm in the best grain region. LANDS! ... the world, and leave the worn-out lands of the East. ... now is the time to buy. ... will advance soon. For maps, pamphlets and full information, apply to CHAS. E. SIMMONS, Land Com. C. & N. W. R'y Co., Chicago, Ill.

MINNESOTA

NewspaperARCHIVE®

CORRESPONDENCE.

Plainfield.

Mrs. Stires, relict of John Stires, once a well-known citizen of this town, died at her home in the edge of Guernsey county, between Linton and Bridgeville, last week, aged about seventy years.

Mrs. Taylor died at the residence of her son, Daniel Taylor, living near Linton Mills, on last Saturday, aged seventy-five years.

Valentine Renner, of this section, started lately with his family to Caldwell county, Mo.

Isaac Magness, living near Linton sold his chattel property last Saturday, and will start with his family to Peoria county, Ill.

Mr. E. Truman, of Wellsville, Ohio, is on a visit to his parents here.

Miss E. J. Magness returned last week from a four week's visit to a sister at Fredericktown, Knox county, Ohio.

A three days meeting will be held at the M. P. Church in this town, commencing on the Friday before Easter, at 10:30 o'clock, a. m., under the supervision of the pastor, Rev. D. Trueman. Subjects, the birth, life and death of Christ.

Henry Thompson, son of Thomas Thompson, has bought the 40 acre lot belonging to Mrs. Scott, in Oxford, for $1,400.

Wills Creek is again out of its banks.

Too much water and ice in this month has injured wheat considerably on low clay soil.

David Cowden, whose death was recorded in last week's AGE, was a brother-in-law to J. Magness, not son-in-law.

David R. Cook has sold his house and lot in this town to Sam Davis, for $335.

A twelve months-old boy baby of our merchant, Mr. C. A. Platt, of this town, swallowed a pearl button ¼ of an inch in diameter, about six weeks since. The little fellow seemed more or less restless ever after, throwing his head about somewhat like a sick lamb, till a few days since. While lying in his cradle he took a spell of coughing and vomited up the button. It had been in his throat or stomach for about five weeks and when thrown up had lost one-eighth of an inch in diameter and correspondingly in thickness, as compared to a similar button before the swallowing. Did the babe's stomach digest part of the button? M.

Mohawk Village.

Our usually quiet village was, on last Saturday evening, enlivened by a surprise donation party at the M. E. parsonage. The announcement had previously been made for the monthly Mite Society in the interest of the W. F. M. S., but as the members and friends came in they were loaded with baskets and bundles, which were deposited on the table; when, to complete the surprise of the pastor and family, it was manifest that this was to be more than a mite society; for, notwithstanding the very bad condition of the roads, about forty assembled. After a pleasant evening spent in social chat, with recitations and songs furnished by the members of the society, and the gathering of the mites for the distant heathen, the company dispersed, leaving behind them many larger mites in the form of provisions, clothing and table ware, to the amount of twenty-four dollars, which, with other personal and private donations during the year, makes a total of about fifty dollars from this good people. Such evidences of esteem are highly appreciated and serve to make the responsible and burdensome life of the itinerant one of sweet friendships and pleasant recollections of the many dear people from whom he is often called to part. W.

West Bedford.

There has been a great amount of sickness in this neighborhood: Mr. Harvey Cullison is still very low with fever.

Hugh Daugherty is again seen on our streets—his school having closed.

Our high school has closed after a successful term taught by Mr. J. Phillips of West Lafayette. The closing exercises were the regular recitations; and the promptness and ease with which the pupils recited their several lessons, reflect great credit upon their instructor.

The principal feature, however, was the Geography class, each pupil having a "topic" on which to recite. In the midst of the recitation we noticed the Prof. step down from the rostrum; and in a moment one of the "big boys" vacated without permission. The last pupil had nearly finished reciting when a general commotion was noticed among the "small fry". The "big boy" had returned bearing a basket of good things. The "treat" was distributed, and a general good time was indulged in by all.

Mr. Phillips is an earnest worker in the cause of education, and well deserves the success which his many friends in this place join in wishing him.

Our merchants are now doing a thriving business. Mr Thos. Donahue is now smiling behind the counter of C. Moore.

Miss Amanda Smith has returned to her home in Harrison Co. Her many friends will miss her.

Our summer term of school is to be taught by Mr. H. Kanavel, a successful school teacher of this place.

CHATTERBOX.

(FROM ANOTHER CORRESPONDENT.)

Dr. Edwards, of West Carlisle came near being drowned last week by being upset into the water. The accident happened while the Dr. was crossing the creek on Mr. John Cooper's farm in Washington township, by the upsetting of his sulky into the swollen waters of the creek. Happily, the Dr. caught a bush, and thus saved his life.

Our protracted meeting closed on the night of the 7th inst. On Sabbath the 9th, nine of the new converts, including all who professed conversion were taken into full connection with the church. This is a new departure, as heretofore the rules of the church required a probation of six months. In this case only those who are seekers are put on probation.

Mr. John Guthrie, of this township, is to deliver to Mr. Wm. McKee, also of this township, a seven-months old Clydesdale colt for a consideration of $100. BEDFORD.

Dresden

Cass Post No. 415 was duly mustered on Thursday evening, the 13th. R. B. Brown, of the Zanesville Courier S. V. C. Dept., Ohio, with about 30 comrades from Hazlet Post came up on the evening train and were met at the depot by the comrades of Cass Post and the Dresden Cornet Band and escorted to Lemert's Music Hall, where all things were put in order for their reception by Capt. Burkhart who had preceded them on the noon train. Dr E. Cass was called to the chair, and after a brief explanation of the object of the meeting, introduced Col. H. A. Axline, late Assistant Adjutant General of Ohio, who seemed to be fired with zeal in the cause which appeared to lay nearest the heart of every one present. The Colonel is a fine talker, and had a good subject and made the most of it and left a lasting impression upon the minds of the hundreds who thronged the hall Prosecutor Power was the next called and entertained the audience very well for the time he occupied. S. V. Commander Brown was next called to the front, and for about the first three minutes he had our heartfelt sympathies, and we felt that his feeble effort to respond to the call would be a sufficient excuse for his failure; but oh, when he got warmed up and got rightly down to his work, no one got tired of standing or thought his speech too long. The patriotic fire which flashed from his eyes and the eloquent flights of oratory in which he soared back to hover over and look down upon the many scenes of blood and canrage of the late rebellion, swayed his spell-bound audience as if by magic wand, inspiring every soul in the sound of his voice with a patriotism and a zeal in the cause that none but the loyal and true American can ever feel. Men stood cheering and applauding while the tears rolled down their cheeks and women wept aloud. At the conclusion of Mr. Brown's speech the general public were dismissed, and all who were enrolled for muster were requested to stay. After due preliminary arrangements the Post, being officered by comrades from Zanesville, proceeded to the mustering in of Cass Post No. 415 Dept, Ohio, and the election of officers for the unexpired portion of the present term, which showed the following result: Thomas Ulrick, P. C.; Dr. J. F. Dorsey, S. V. C.; Jacob R. King, J. V. C.; John F. Poorman, Adjt.; George W. Lemert, Q. M.; George L. Bradford, Sergeant; John L. Coleman, Chap.; Chas. H. Roney, O. D.; Henry McCain, O. G.; Wm. E. Lindsey, S. W.; Wm. McLaren, Q. M. S. X. Our next regular meeting will be held in Lemert's Music Hall, Thursday evening, March 27, at which time we expect to muster from twenty to thirty recruits. All mustering at that time will be admitted at one dollar as our charter will stand open till then. We mustered 36 at our organization but will number 100 no doubt by Decoration Day. RESERVE.

Orange.

We have now a physician in the person of Dr. A. Vickers, who has recently returned from Columbus, having just passed through a course of lectures, now having a diploma and making him a full-fledged physician. He has immediately stepped into a good practice.

Mr. J. Peck, of Coshocton, visited our village on business this week, and while here sold to Messrs. J. E. Richmond & Bro. his warehouse building, which will make a first of April move. Messrs. Richmond will move their stock of goods into the Peck building, where they will be glad to meet their old customers and cheerfully wait upon new ones. Mr. A. Peck will move his store goods into the Richmond stand to close out his stock of goods. The river bottom farmers are anxious for settled weather so that they can go to work and repair the high water damages.

Miss Della Peck is now a neuralgic sufferer, improving slowly.

Mr. O. Sergeant has closed his very successful term of school here. Orval is not very heavy on the use of the birch, but depends wholly upon moral suasion. B.

Death of Edward Dudgeon.

On Wednesday, March 12, the people of Keene were called to follow to the grave one whom we can spare only with profound and universal regret. This is the second time, within a few weeks, that death has claimed from among us a victim that could ill be spared.

Edward Dudgeon was a young man whose sterling qualities of head and heart commended him to the respect and affection of all who knew him. His praiseworthy ambition to succeed in life impelled him to such industry that he was, in this respect, a model worthy of imitation. Already, before he was attacked by the disease, consumption, which for so many months wasted his vitality, and ended his life at the early age of twenty-four, he had laid a foundation for financial success beyond many who possessed greater advantages.

Not only was he conspicuous for his energy and ability in transacting the business of life, but his integrity inspired confidence, and in all his transactions he was characterized by manly principles.

During his long, and at times painful struggle with disease, he exhibited the same qualities. Although life had so many attractions for him, he resigned his wishes to the will of God, and calmly awaited the approach of death.

Imitating his example, we bow in submission to this act of Providence, assured that God doeth all things well, and that He has taken our friend and brother from a life of usefulness here only because he has a nobler work and grander career of usefulness and enjoyment for him in another world. How comforting it is to believe that we are in the hands of an infinitely wise and loving God. D.

Keene.

Our friend, Mr. Liverton Beall, was married to Miss Mary Cochran, of Mohawk, last week.

Miss Maggie Gilchrist has gone to Pittsburgh on a visit.

Mr. and Mrs. Joseph Robinson, of New Bedford, were visiting friends in this vicinity last week.

Mrs. Gould, of Akron, O., has been visiting her son, J. H. Gould, of this place.

Mr. James Seward has left our village and has moved on a farm about three miles north of here. Shorty occupies the home in Keene.

We heard a faint sound from the K. C. B. last Saturday evening, the first for six weeks. Stir up, young men, and be able to give us some music on the streets by the time the mud is dried up so you can get out.

The sub district schools of sub-districts Nos. 1 and 2, closes on Friday, March 21. O Z.

Buckeye City.

A row occurred in the saloon kept by Stringfellow, a few evening since, which created quite a breeze. Peter Zearous went into the saloon and was quarrelsome. Stringfellow assaulted him with his fist. Both parties were arrested and fined.

Bacon

Our school teacher, R. A. McClure, gave an entertainment on the evening of the last day of his school, which was a success in all its features Mr. McClure is a worthy teacher, and is duly appreciated by the district, as is shown by their securing his services for the ensuing year.

The plantation mule that escaped from the entertainment was captured in J. Powelson's parlor, on Sunday evening by Miss Belle Smith.

Mrs. Frank McCleary was the guest of her aunt, Mrs. R. L. Barcroft, last week. Miss Callie Smith, of Wills Creek, is the guest of her brother, H. B. Smith, this week. Messrs. H. B. Smith and H. Fowler paid a flying visit to Zanesville last week. Miss Lu Barcroft was the guest of Miss Dell Fowler last Saturday Henry Rorick has moved to the farm of S. Salrin, in Franklin township. Miss Dell Fowler anticipates a visit to New York this spring; Miss Dell is a highly esteemed young lady, and will be greatly missed by all who know her. Mrs. C. Fowler, we understand, will start about May 1st on an extended visit to friends and relatives in Missouri. Miss Leo Norman, of Mt. Fairview, O., was the guest of Miss Lu Barcroft, last week. We learn that our neighbor, Perry Baker, is going West this spring; parts unknown.

Dan Craig, of Possum Hollow, has advertised his stock for sale. Dan intends moving to Lafayette, where he will engage in the hotel business.

Miss Edna Browning and brother were guests of their aunt, Mrs. Fowler, last week. SUNFLOWER.

[Will be glad to hear from Sunflower again.—ED. AGE.]

Pike Township.

School closed at Clarks Friday, March 14th, Miss Nora Axline, teacher. Literary exercises were the order of the afternoon and evening, and notwithstanding the inclemency of the weather, we had a very eocouraging turnout of visitors. We had all ages, from the respectable gray-haired citizen, down to the little visitor of one year. All of the scholars took part in the exercises, which consisted of dialogues, speeches, recitations, all of which were appropriately interspersed with gospel songs, rendered by teacher and entire school.

Miss Axline, in our opinion, is destined to become a very successful teacher; we think she understands how to govern a school; at least she has given satisfaction as far as our observation goes, in the five months which she has taught in our district. Seh expects also to teach the spring term. We wish her success in all of her future undertakings. O. W. T.

New Moscow.

The concert on Saturday evening, the 15th, was a success, but owing to bad roads and the inclemency of the weather, many were deprived of attending. The house was comfortably filled and all seemed to be well pleased with the entertainment The most attractive parts were cornet solos by Prof. Crom, with organ accompaniment; string music, two violins and guitar; "The Arkansas Traveler," (drama) and "That Darkey Jumbo," and "Dutchman Hans Von Smash." The receipts of the evening were $24.60.

Mr. Lambert Finley's baby is suffering from an attack of fever. Mr. Marion Pickerel removed to Champaign county, Ohio, this week. Mr. Miles McCoy moved in where he went form. Mr. A. C. McDonald has the summer school. OCCASIONAL.

Contract Labor

The Ohio Legislature has finally passed the prison contract labor bill. Prison contract labor has been used in every campaign for several years as an issue, and the passage of this bill is in response to a sentiment that has been created by the cry of demagogues. Whether or not it will prove a wise measure remains to be reen; but certain it is the management of the penitentiary during the past four, years in common with the other institutions, has been all that could be desired, and has resulted in turning into the Treasury a handsome surplus.

The bill as passed is very lengthy, but the substance thereof is herewith given:

"The prison is to be governed and controled by a Board of managers, five in number—to be appointed by the Governor—and not more than three of them to be of the same political party. They are to serve for one, two, three, four and five years.

The Board is to devote as much of their time as shall insure a wise and efficient management of the prison, but shall receive no pay, except expenses in the prosecution of the business. They shall audit all claims and file with the Auditor of State a monthly statement. An annual report is to be made to the Governor in which shall be "a classification of all the prisoners, showing their ages, term of sentence, offense committed, cause of crime, number of times convicted, habits, education, and industrial relations, and such other information and recommendations as they deem best for the information of the Legislature."

SEC. 4. The contract system of employing convicts shall not exist in any form in the Ohio penitentiary, but the prisoners shall be employed by the State, and in such way as to in the least possible manner interfere with or affect free labor, and the managers shall use every effort to so dispose of all merchandise as to avoid injurious competition with any business of citizens of the State. All prisoners under the age of twenty-two years shall be employed at hard work exclusively, for the purpose of acquiring a trade. The managers are required to employ all the prisoners that are necessary in making all articles for the various State institutions, as far as practicable, and the institutions shall pay to the penitentiary the market price for all such articles furnished.

Sentences shall be general, provided the prisoner has not been previously convicted and served a sentence in some penal institution; or the crime of which he is convicted be murder in the second degree. The term of imprisonment may be terminated by the Board; but the sentence to imprisonment shall not be greater than the maximum term provided by law and the prisoner shall not be released by the Board until the minimum term shall have been served. The Board is to formulate rules for the government of the prison and every effort be made to reform them morally and improve them intellectually.

Sec. 9. The warden is hereby authorized to have placed to the credit of each prisoner (except those serving a life sentence) such amount of their earnings as the board of managers may deem equitable and just, taking into account the character of the prisoner, the nature of the crime for which he is imprisoned, and his general deportment, provided that such credit shall in no case exceed twenty per cent. of his earnings. And the funds thus accruing to the credit of any prisoner shall be paid to him or his family; or to some person whom he may designate, at such time and in such manner as the board of managers may deem best, provided that at least 25 per cent. of such earnings shall be kept for and paid to such prisoner at the time of his restoration to citizenship. And provided further, that the warden may, with the approval of the board of managers, by way of punishment for violation of rules, want of propriety, or any other misconduct, cancel such portion of such credit as he may deem best.

A record of the prisoners' conduct shall be kept, and if it be good in the judgment of the Board he may be permitted to go outside the prison on parole; but if he shall violate the terms of the parole, then he shall be treated as an escaped convict, and arrested and caused to serve out his entire term to which first sentenced, in addition to that already served before the granting of the parole. The warden shall be a man of experience and judgment, and shall receive a salary of not more than $3000.

The passage of the bill may have been wise, but there is lots of humbug in it; and the fact of New York and other States having tried the abolishment of the contract system and found it to be a failure, does not augur well for the success of this measure.

Republican County Convention.

REPUBLICAN COMMITTEE ROOMS,
Coshocton, Ohio, March 18, 1884.

The Republican County Convention will meet at Coshocton, on

Saturday, April 12, 1884,

At 1:30 P. M., for the purpose of electing five delegates and five alternates to represent Coshocton county in the State Convention, at Cleveland, April 23 and 24.

Also, to select twenty-seven delegates to represent Coshocton county in the Sixteenth Congressional District Convention, to be held at Coshocton, Ohio, April 17, 1884, for the purpos of selecting two delegates and two alternates to represent the above named District in the National Republican Convention to be held in Chicago, Ill., June 3d, 1884, and one Presidential Elector for said District. Also to transact such other business as may properly come before it. The basis of representation in this Convention will be one delegate for every twenty votes and a fraction over ten cast for Hon. J. B. Foraker for Governor in 1883.

The several Townships will be entitled to representation in said Convention as follows:

Adams	6	Mill Creek	2
Bedford	6	Monroe	5
Bethlehem	4	New Castle	4
Clark	5	Oxford	6
Crawford	3	Perry	4
Franklin	4	Pike	4
Jackson	11	Tiverton	2
Jefferson	5	Tuscarawas	21
Keene	7	Virginia	7
Lafayette	5	Washington	6
Linton	8	White Eyes	5
Total			183

The Committee would suggest that the Republicans of the several Townships meet on the day of our Spring election, April 7 next, and select their Delegates to the above named Convention, and also select some suitable person to serve as Township Central Committee man for the ensuing year, and report the name to the County Convention.

By Order of Committee,
J. W. STANFORD, Chairman.
GEO. HILL, Sec'y.

Republican District Convention.

The Republicans of the 16th Congressional District of Ohio will meet in convention at Coshocton, Ohio, on Thursday, April 17th, 1884, at 2 o'clock p. m., to select and appoint one elector to be placed on the Republican Presidential ticket for Ohio for 1884, and two delegates and two alternates to represent said district at the Republican National Convention to be held at Chicago, Illinois, June 3d, 1884, and to transact any other business necessary to come before said District Convention. The basis of representation agreed on in said District Convention is one vote for every 100 votes cast for the Republican candidate for Governor of Ohio at the late October election, and one vote for every fraction of 50 votes and over. This gives the counties composing the District the following number of votes in the convention:

Coshocton	37
Licking	41
Muskingum	54
Tuscarawas	28
Total	160
Necessary to a choice	81

By order of the Republican District Committee for the 16th Congressional District of Ohio.
E. NICHOLS,
T. J. NEWMAN,
J. G. MAGAW,
J. L. MCILVAINE. } Dis. Com.

How strange it is that the Democrats cannot be a year in power until they show the cloven foot. For long years they have been looked upon as the party of evil deeds, treason, ignorance and crime; and while these charges are severe, past history verifies the truth thereof, and present deeds clinch the verification. Not content with manipulation of public affairs and the pursuance of questionable methods, in the management of political campaigns, the alliance with the whisky element to further their own ends (either of which should be sufficient to damn them in the estimation of honest men) they could not manage the distribation of the fund recently appropriated for the benefit of the Ohio flood sufferers, without creating scandal and demonstrating their utter inability to do that which is straight and honest It will be remembered that $200,000 were appropriated for the relief of the towns along the Ohio river and a commission was appointed to distribute the same. The needs of the people were urgent, and the money should have been distributed at once, but it was not. The commission instead of commencing their duties at once for the relief of the sufferers, connived among themselves so as to distribute in such a way as to result in political benefit. This created a rumpus among themselves, as each had an ax to grind and wanted an exhorbitant share of the lubricator—and as a result less than one-half was distributed. It is one of the most disgraceful affairs in the long category of sins chargeable to Democracy. The whole affair is to be investigated by the Legislature, but it is fair to presume a Democratic committee will attempt to white wash the entire transaction.

P. S.—Since the above was put in type Gov. Hoadly has published a card in which he says he has examined the books of the commission, and that the entire fund was distributed in a fair and impartial spirit. The charges of corruption emenated from Allen O'Myers, the leader of the Democratic House, and are therefore to be accepted.

Memoir.

HELEN KING SPANGLER.

The wife of E. T. Spangler, Esq., whose death was noticed in your last issue, was a woman of such social prominence as to call out a more complete notice from one who has known her somewhat intimately. She was born in Newark, this State, May 27 1848. She was the daughter of Samuel D. and Mary King. Her father was a man of wealth—long a leading member of the Licking county bar—she had every social and educational advantage that could be desired. Being ambitious to excel, she developed into a brilliant woman, the social centre of a large circle of friends. On her twenty-fifth birthday she married Mr. Spangler, who was then, as now, one of the prominent attorneys of Central Ohio. Here her life is well known, so well known that I need scarcely repeat its story, unless it be to remind her many friends of some admirable qualities of heart that too few possess. Defects she had—who is without them?—but she had many excellencies. When one dies the story of her life may best be told by her domestics and the poor of the neighborhood These unsolicited witnesses say, "Our best friend is gone!" People were heard everywhere last week voicing public sentiment in saying, "the poor of Coshocton have lost one of their best friends." She sought out and in a quiet way befriended multitudes. It is true she was a woman of large means; so are others who never befriend the poor. Her charity was large-hearted

She was a brilliant, accomplished woman; as is well known she was an authoress of some repute, having written "The Physician's Wife," and numerous short sketches, which found the public through various literary channels. She was "given to hospitality." She entertained like a queen. Her devotion to husband and son was a marked characteristic. When a young woman she united with the Presbyterian Church of Newark, of which her parents were members. She is said to have been an enthusiastic Sunday School teacher, and especially efficient in church benevolencies. Coming to Coshocton she united with the Methodist Episcopal Church, where she was soon active in the same class of work as in the home church.

Of her sudden, and to most, wholly unexpected death, I need not speak. Few know Helen K. Spangler but to give her a place in their hearts. She will be missed everywhere.

"What are we, and what shadows we pursue."

So young and with so much of worthiness and work within her grasp, and then to die—

"So the multitude goes, like the flower or the weed,
That withers away to let others succeed;
So the multitude comes, even those we behold
To repeat every tale that has ever been told
From the blossom of health to the paleness of death,
Oh, why should the spirit of mortal be proud!"

A vast concourse of acquaintances and friends crowded the Spangler mansion on Friday afternoon to pay their last tribute of respect and affection. The funeral services were in charge of her pastor, Rev. J. H. Conkle, who was assisted by Rev. Wm. E. Hunt and Rev. Trieler.

A CARD.

To all who are suffering from the errors and indiscretions of youth, nervous weakness, early decay, loss of manhood, &c., I will send a recipe that will cure you, FREE OF CHARGE. This great remedy was discovered by a missionary in South America. Send a self-addressed envelope to the REV. JOSEPH T. INMAN, Station D, New York City.

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What cures their fevers, makes them sleep;
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Sour Stomach, Colds, Indigestion,
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Castor Oil and Paregoric, and
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All Wool Cassimeres at 60 to 70cts, worth $1.25 to 1.50.

Cottonades and Jeans at 7 to 15c, worth 25 to 35c.

Gents White Shirts at 45 to 60c, worth $1.00.

Gents Under Shirts at 20 to 40c, worth 40c to $1.

Ladies' Skirts at 20 to 50c worth $1 to 2.00.

Parasols at 5c to $1, worth 50c to 4.00.

Children's Hose at 5 to 13c worth 20 to 35c.

Ladies' Hose at 8 to 25c, worth 15 to 50c.

Large Linen Towels at 50 to 55c, worth 1.00.

Muslin at 5c, worth 7c.

Blankets at 85c to 4.00 a pair, worth $2 to 10.00 a pair.

Ginghams and Seesuckers at less than half price.

Ladies' and Misses Gossameres at 46 to 80 cents, worth 1.25.

Jamestown Fancy Dress Goods at 20 to 25c, worth 50 to 60c. Brocades and Plaids at 5 to 11c, worth 15 to 50c. Cashmeres at 40 to 75c, worth 75c to 1.25. Black Silk at $1.55 worth 2.50. All other Goods in same proportion. Auction will close in a few days. Call as soon as possible.

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BIGGS & CRAWFORD.

MARKETS.

Coshocton Prices Current.

Corrected weekly by D. H. Mortley, Grocer, R. R. Corner.

Apples, green, per bushel	100
Apples, dried, per pound	5 to 6
Butter, per pound	20
Bacon, sides, per pound	9
Beans, per bushel	2 40 to 250
Beeswax, per pound	25
Chickens, per pair, spring	50
Corn Meal, per sack	25 to 50
Dried peaches, pared, per lb	10
Eggs per dozen	15
Flour per sack	1 55
Flour by Patent Process	1 85
Hams per pound Country	12
Honey per pound	15
Lard per pound	10
Onions, per bushel	40
Onion Sets, per bush	2 00
Potatoes per bushel now	40
Peaches, dried, per pound	6to7
Shoulders per pound	8
Salt per barrel	1 40
Tallow per pound	6 to 7

Subject to changes during the week.

Coshocton Grain Market.

WHEAT—Per bushel, white, old	95
WHEAT—Per Bushel, red, old	95
WHEAT—Per Bushel, No 1	1 00
CORN—	60
OATS—	40
RYE—	65
FLOUR—Per Barrel, XXX	$6 45
Per Sack, XX	1 55
MEAL—Per Bushel	90
BRAN—Per hundred	90
SHORTS—	1 00
CORN and OATS CHOP—	1 50
PATENT FLOUR—per sack	1 75

Pittsburg Market.

Corrected especially for the Coshocton AGE by R. Beatty, Son & Co., 168 Liberty Street, Pittsburgh, Pa. Wholesale Produce Commission House, established 1850, receive and sell all kinds Country Produce, Domestic and Foreign Fruits and Vegetables. Shippers and country dealers having seasonable produce, etc., for sale, are invited to consign or correspond.

Country Produce.

APPLES—New, Choice, per bll, 3 50a4 00 good, 3 00a3 50; medium, 2 50a300.

APPLE BUTTER—per gal, 50a65c; Apple Jelly, 6a 7c per lb.

BUTTER—Dairy, 21a23c; "Gilt Edge," 23a 25c; Creamery, 30a35c; Choice Roll, 22a20c; Extra Choice Roll, 23a21c; Medium, 12a16c.

DRIED FRUITS—Apples, sliced, 10a11c; do quarters, 6a7c. Peaches, halves, a6½a7 4c red do, 15a18c; pitted Cherries, 20a22c; Rasberries, 28a30c; Blackberries, 9a10c; per lb for all.

FEATHERS—Live Geese, per lb, 70a65c Mixed, 55a50c.

EGGS—Strictly Fresh, 20a22; pickled 17a18.

HONEY—York State 21 to 20; White Clover 20to22; Buckwheat 18a19.

ONIONS—Onions 100 a125 per bbl.

POULTRY—Live chickens 60 a75 c per pair for large; small chickens per pair 50a60, live turkeys per lb, 10a11c dressed chickens per lb 13a14c; dressed turkeys 16a18c dressed duck 12 13c.

POTATOES—Early rose, per bush. 40cts; Burbank 40c; other varieties 35c.

RAGS—Cotton, White, per lb, 2½c; Cotton, Mixed, 2a2½c; Woolen, 1-4a½c.

SEEDS—Timothy per bushel, 1 50a1 60 Clover, 5 75a6 00, for small; 6 25a6 50 for large.

TALLOW—Country 7a7½c; Beeswax 23a25c per lb.

Grain, Flour, Feed, Etc.

WHEAT—Prime Red Winter, 1 09a110; Medium, 1 03a1 06.

CORN—High mixed Shelled, 58a61; Yellow Shelled, 56a58; Ear Corn, 58a62.

OATS—40a42c for white, 39a40c for mixed.

RYE—Choice, 62a56.

BARLEY—80a90 for Prime North-western Spring; 75c.a80 for Medium.

FLOUR—Fancy Patents, spring and winter 7 50a7 25; Fancy St. Louis, winter, 7 50a7 25 Fancy Family White Amber and Winter, 6 00 a6 25; Choice Family, choice red winter, 6 00a 6 75; XX Family, medium winter, 5 50a5 75 XXX Bakers, Minnesota, 6 25a6 00; XX Bakers Wisconsin, 6 00a6 25; Cornmeal, 75a80c in paper. Oatmeal—medium brand—7 25a8 00 per bbl; Fancy, 7 75a8 00. Rye Flour, 4 50a4 25; buckwheat flour 3a3.

MILL FEED—White Middlings, 23 00a25 00 Coarse, do, 18 00a20 00; Seconds, 1300a15 50; HAY—Prime Timothy, baled, at 11 00a12 00 per ton Prime New Loose, 12 00a14 00 Prarie 8 00a8 50

East Liberty Live Stock Markets.

March 19, 1884.

Another whole week of depression has not had a peculiarly good effect on stock dealers' spirits. Cattle were slow, hogs ditto, and as for sheep, a dealer said it was almost the worst week in the season and to-day the worst day in the week. The trouble lies in the east at present, where the market is so badly demoralized that dealers do not know what to offer. The supply of hogs is as light, but not lighter, than the demand. The same may be said of the supply of cattle. The attendance of country buyers is increasing. Quotations and to-day's receipts were as follows:

CATTLE—Best, 1300 to 1500 pounds $6 25a6 50; good, 1100 to 1300 pounds, 5 75a6 00; fair, 1000 to 1100 pounds, 5 00a5 50; bulls, cows and stags, 3 50a5 00, milch cows, 35 00a50 00; calves, 6 00a6 75; stockers out of season. Receipts, 836 head; shipments, 418 head.

HOGS—Philadelphias, 7 30a7 50; Yorkers, 6 40 a6 75; Baltimores, 7 00; roughs, 4 50a5 50; pigs, 5 00a6 00. Receipts, 1883 head; shipments, 805 head.

SHEEP—Prime, 5 58a6 00; fair to good, 4 50a5 25; common, 3 00a3 50. Receipts, 800 head; shipments, 3,300 head.

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Administratrix Notice.

NOTICE is hereby given that the undersigned has been appointed and qualified as Administratrix of the Estate of Benjamin F. Henderson, late of Coshocton county, dec'd. Dated this 18th day of March, A. D., 1884. MELINDA HENDERSON.

Mar15 3w.

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